



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 33 {The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.
Office—36 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY 1, 1899.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 605

Things in General.

THE other day a young man was swimming in a pond at Toronto Junction and saying to his companion, "Am I all right?" tried to bottom the water, with the result that he was drowned. A boy in Toronto working in a factory reached under a table to remove some saw-dust and, raising his head, bumped against a revolving saw and was so badly cut that he died after saying to his brother, "Do something for me—I don't want to die." A boy in Brantford tied one end of a rope about his waist and used the other as a lasso—a moving train was passing and he made a cast at the engine, caught it, and was jerked under the wheels to his death. I might mention a dozen other cases that have occurred of late, and the reader may take note of a dozen others that will be reported in the papers as the days go by, all showing that boys lack judgment and sometimes pay for it with their lives. Those who are killed are not weaker in judgment than those who survive, and those who escape death have probably no better sense of proportion than those who die through a miscalculation. Youth fails to size things up rightly, and whether a boy shoots a comrade with a gun that he did not think was loaded, or lassoes a moving train and is dragged to death, he but exhibits that immaturity of judgment common to the boy kind, but which in his case causes a tragedy.

Some are killed, some are maimed, some kill or maim others, some have very narrow escapes, while some who seem to escape entirely, really fare very badly. That failure to understand the drift and swing of things which leads many boys to death, causes many others to fall into habits, or into courses of thought, that make life a catastrophe. Recently I took a walk through the Central Prison and there saw hundreds of fresh-faced young fellows, as good-looking a lot as you would see in any factory in Toronto, and possibly, if we knew it, the crimes that brought many of them there were due to that boyish lack of horse-sense which would lasso a railway train or try to dodge on a bicycle between two street cars. The instinct that warns a youth to protect his physical body from injury is probably the strongest in his being. It is nature's own first, imperative law. Yet the rampant life within causes him to test this law almost daily and he suffers abrasions, contusions and fractures innumerable. Perhaps he goes to an extreme and gets killed.

If, then, that powerful instinctive law of self-preservation is often so pointedly set at naught by boys as they are passing through their teens, why should we hope to ever get from them a literal obedience to all those moral and civil laws which do not appeal instinctively to them, but which are often entirely opposed to instinct? The boy whose lack of judgment causes his own death, is grieved over; the one whose lack of judgment brings him into the hands of the police, is black-listed and doubted as long as he lives. His judgment matures in time, but the error made when his character was but half-grown has been visited with such consequences that his subsequent life is twisted by it.

One boy gets drowned, another gets a broken arm, another runs away to follow a circus, another takes to drink, another hooks apples from an orchard and then hooks something from a house and gets into prison, another falls in with and marries a worthless woman, another gets into business touch with a swindler and is one himself before he knows it—and in each of these cases there is perhaps a peculiar set of circumstances which, operating upon immature judgment, produces a lamentable result. The great majority of boys get through sound and clean-handed, but many of those who go down and under may have been just as lovable, as likable and as well-disposed as the others, but that their judgment made some such break as casting a lasso at a passing railway engine.

We recognize the immaturity of mind of the boy who goes to death by some rash act, and we have deep sympathy for his people, but do we sufficiently understand that all boys are immature and impulsive? I am haunted by the faces of those youngsters in the Central Prison, most of whom will, I believe, according to past experience with previous generations of just such boys, continue in crime—for, once prisoned, a sort of professionalism is conferred, which only exceptional persons, or those favored by having wise friends, can shake off. But what can we do? Perhaps for one thing we should seriously set to work to remove the impression that the witness who testifies to previous good character is a meddler, a molly-coddler, and a favor-seeker in the court of justice. If this witness knows what he is talking about—if he speaks from knowledge and not from sympathy—he should be one of the most important of witnesses where a boy has laid himself open to be garbled, classified and ostracized as a criminal. To reform rather than to punish should be the object. The first committal should be long and well thought over before the words are spoken that put a boy into convict garb, but the third or fourth committal might be made very severe or indeterminate, so that the confirmed criminal, beyond the reach of reform, should no longer be at large schooling others in vice.

SOUTH ONTARIO is being spoken of and written about as if it were a den of iniquity, and this is not only unjust to the people who live in that riding, but it is also a device by which those really culpable escape censure. South Ontario is as honest a constituency as can be found in the Dominion of Canada, or, perhaps, in the whole world. Its people are engaged for the most part in agriculture, and in occupations immediately related to the tilling of the soil. Those lands have been worked and cropped regularly for from fifty to one hundred years, and in some cases the fourth generation is now cultivating the ground that the founder of the family cut out of the solid bush. Taking them collectively they are not hand-to-mouth farmers, but a well-to-do, established people, with as fine houses and barns as can be seen anywhere in the country. You may drive for miles and never see a stump, nor a field still resting under the original curse of stones—everywhere you see the evidences of the thrift and the plodding industry that characterize the community. Three generations of men have worked those fields, have built those stone fences, have drained those lands, and today the labor that life exacts from the last-comer is as arduous as from the one who began it—as arduous and as honestly done. In communities such as this the human family stores up that surplus energy and that surplus of religion and morality which the exhausting life in cities calls for at times as imperatively as it calls for grain and meat.

In the riding are some small towns and villages, and in these places are a few persons who have turned out to be physically too lazy for agriculture, and mentally too inert to attack any white-handed occupation, and so they loaf about the taverns and turn to odd jobs, but for the most part sponge upon their relatives and subsist upon the good-nature of the people at large. These culls, these rejected and dissuaded sticks, are, almost exclusively, the voters who can be and are bribed in South Ontario or in any similar constituency in this province.

But who bribes these men? Not the people of South Ontario, and it is absurd to blame that constituency because of offences committed within its borders by outsiders sent there for the purpose. Instead of beating the air, why not beat the backs of the real offenders? It is an insult to public intelligence to speak of the bribery done in South Ontario as a local manifestation of corruption in politics. Wherever the head center of immorality within the Grit party is situated, thence emanated the corruption of which the party stands convicted in South Ontario. Wherever the central source of corruption within the Tory party is located, thence proceeded the corruption of which the party stands convicted in the same riding. To censure South Ontario is a bit of humbug by which attention is turned from the

real evil—which is not local, but general. Why should we speak of the constituency as having gone wrong when one political party after another has dragged it astray—not by bribing its average people, for that would be impossible, but by deluding these with high talk of virtue while they deceitfully corrupted a few degenerates. The sight of South Ontario standing exposed of political dishonesty—contrite, aghast, and ashamed—should move the real culprits to uncontrollable laughter. Both candidates are up again and talk of an honest election, but why should they be respectfully listened to by the mass of people who have twice listened to similar professions, have twice done their duty honestly, and have twice been thwarted because the agents of these men have been dishonest? These agents—their agency was established—not only robbed the electors of their prerogative of electing a representative, but they despoiled the constituency of its reputation. Charles Calder and John Dryden have each in turn been found with a stolen constituency in his possession, and neither should preach overmuch unless in his own committee-rooms. Neither of the candidates was shown to be personally responsible for the theft by which he profited, but if they knew nothing about the corruption that carried them along—and we must believe that they did not—it suggests that neither is competent to watch those shrewd manipulators who meddle in bigger matters around the Parliament buildings. South Ontario is not compelled to choose one of two blind men as watchman of its interests in the Legislature. These two men may be unfortunate, but they are guilty, at least, of contributory negligence, and it would not be carrying their misfortunes too far to leave both of them at home.

It seems clear enough that no adequate punishment follows the improper purchase or theft of a seat in parliament, and unless a demand comes from the public for something stricter it is not likely that anything will ever be done, because there are active workers in both political parties whose mission is to pollute politics, and these men know too much—it would not be safe



BIG CHUTE ON THE KIPPEWA RIVER,
NEAR LAKE TEMISKAMING.

to let justice loose upon them. They will submit gracefully enough to the rebuke of the judge who hears an election trial, but if the State instituted a special action against them they might be depended upon to make some startling disclosures. Why is not the private action which results in the unseating of a member, followed up by a public action, with the object of discovering all the facts and punishing those guilty of election frauds? The only explanation seems to be that we are under the party system of government and neither party dare turn too much light upon its inner workings. And this conclusion, disgraceful as it is, and leaving us, as it does, with our heads against a stone wall, is the only one open to us.

TO turn from something bad to something infinitely worse, let me ask, in the name of civilization, what is to be done about the disclosures made concerning the election contest in West Elgin? The abandonment of the seat by Mr. McNish, the voiding of the election by the judges, the paying of the costs of the proceedings by the defendants—these are not results at all, but mere incidents of the exposure. To vacate a seat or to have it made vacant means only that the opponent of the wrongful occupant has now an opportunity to secure it in a second and presumably a more honest contest. The proceedings before Justices Osler and Meredith merely established a case, like the finding of a true bill by a grand jury. Is this finding to mean nothing? Is there to be no trial? It has been both admitted and proven that in the West Elgin election there were frauds—this word fraud has been so long misused that it has grown meaningless, so I shall say that there were crimes—of the most barefaced kind committed. The proceedings that voided the election only served to lift the lid of that boiling cauldron of corruption. Nothing has been done. It is like stopping payment on a forged note; it may defeat the purpose of the criminals, but it neither reforms nor punishes them. The situation also may be likened to a case in which a man has been set upon and murdered by assassins who are known, and I am in the position of one asking whether the Crown intends to prosecute these persons or to ignore the crime. We are called upon to respect the Crown. We ask it to merit respect.

It is important to know whether in a democracy like ours we have a morality that can be shocked, and whether under our party system of government we have any machinery that can be set in motion against men who resort to crime to help their political party. The *World and Mail* show that they seek not public good, but party advantage, in their handling of this grave scandal. The *Globe* seems more distressed by the predicament in which it, as the apologist of the Liberal party, finds itself, than by the exposed viciousness of the party workers. On Wednesday morning in an editorial, to which many an honest man turned with some hopefulness, there is censure for those

who debauched West Elgin, but no suggestion that they should be packed into jail. The *Globe* says: "Our legislators, perhaps after consultation with the judges, should enact the most severe and effective and searching laws against corruption, treating it as they would any other intolerable nuisance." But have we not laws now that would fairly well answer the purpose as regards West Elgin? Why moralize on the duty of legislators at a time when we should be calling the police? It must not be forgotten that not only were certain crimes proven, but two hundred other charges are made and remain uninvestigated. It is not so much the Liberal party in Ontario as our very system of government that is now being tested, for of what use are election laws and for what purpose do we maintain our courts if crimes like these are to go unpunished? There are two political parties in this province and the Attorney-General is free to identify himself with either as he may choose, but there is another division of the people, the honest and the dishonest, and with the former the Attorney-General is required to associate himself not only personally, but with the fullest and most watchful activity of his office. Let the gentle reader now observe the Crown approach its painful duty.

A LONG letter has been sent me by "A Worker" asking me to say something in favor of the Fresh Air Fund for sending children from the poorer districts of Toronto to the country. I have written upon this subject before, and I believe it is the habit of a great many people to contribute to the fund every summer. These children are sent out for a couple of weeks to romp about fields and woods, and undoubtedly it does them a great deal of good. In some cases mother and children are sent off together, while orphan children are entrusted to hospitable farmers, who enjoy the extravagant glee of these little city fellows as they fish, or chase groundhogs, or ride horses to water. It is an inexpensive charity—that is to say, a little money goes a long way, but there is an opening for a good

the people of Washington and Philadelphia. When General Lew Wallace, at a banquet in an Illinois town, made a speech welcoming the promise of war, the readers of Ben-Hur in Canada, England and Australia read it next morning at their breakfast tables. There is a news-service connecting the two nations, so familiar and searching in its operations as to defy censorship. A peppery Colonel down in Georgia or a narrow Englishman at the dinner of some Guild, may air his prejudices, and next day his words, clothed with seeming importance, are published in a thousand newspapers throughout the English-speaking world. The peppery Colonel and the narrow Englishman may be persons of no weight in their respective countries—men of so little credit that their deliverances would never be translated from their own tongue into any other. How much more intimate and intricate all this than, say, a disagreement between the United States and Germany, in which case the dispute would confine itself to the picked minds of the two nations.

It is very probable that the Washington politicians do not at all realize that when their speeches are summarized by telegraph they are, in effect, addressing their remarks to the whole English-speaking world. The Colonel, or General, or Corporal down in Texas who, a few nights ago, confided to his fellow-roysterers at a banquet that he was in favor of the military conquest of Canada, did not know that the telegraph would repeat his words during the night in Canada, Great Britain and Australia. The indiscretions of Captain Coghlan and of other officers, who, at banquets, have said things that should not have been said, bear out the statement that the efficiency of the telegraph and cable service of this continent is not understood as it should be. But the news-gathering agencies and the great newspapers of the United States are more to blame than those who say indiscreet things. The man who has dined well is prone to be communicative. That man is specially liable to be talkative who is being lionized for the part he played in a distant scene of war. Finding himself among cheering fellow countrymen in the sanctuary of a club, what is to restrain the free expression of those feelings and opinions that he has so long held in check? He talks. Not what he says in a private place, but the publishing to the world of those privileged statements, constitutes the offence, and while we say that British officers would not be guilty of such indiscreet utterances, the fact probably is that British newspapers would not publish ill-judged deliverances of army captains that would embarrass the Foreign Office. This is where the great difference comes in. The New York editors in all matters of opinion ignore the outer world. The London editors are in the thick of international political manoeuvrings.

ADMIRAL DEWEY sailed on Wednesday from Colombo for Port Said on his great homeward voyage. The last statement I saw of the funds collected for his reception amounted to only six thousand dollars, which indicates that money is not coming forward with the rush that was expected. Another little fact worth noting is that in the recent reports of a battle in the Philippines the rebels are said to have done much execution with big guns, which, on being captured, were found to be pieces that Admiral Dewey had captured from the Spaniards and presented to the insurgents. While the Admiral stood over Manila the cable loyally praised him as the greatest seaman and fighting man that ever lived, but he is no sooner out of sight on his way home before the cable drops him entirely or mentions him only to convict him of a great blunder in bestowing field guns upon half-savage allies who are now enemies. Nor is this all, for no sooner does he start for home as the conqueror of the Philippines, than the cable confesses that the Philippines are not conquered at all, but that these islands which, because of Dewey's capture of Manila, were purchased at a cost of millions of dollars, have to be purchased again at a yet greater cost in money and with much shedding of blood. In fact, Admiral Dewey's boom seems to be in some danger of exploding since the cable office at Manila has changed hands.

WHATEVER abuses may hereafter be disclosed in connection with the administration of the Yukon Territory, it is at least quite certain that a great deal of evidence will be required to disturb the confidence that is reposed in Commissioner Ogilvie. The only charge made against him by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper is that he is an uncle to the wife of the Minister of the Interior. This leads Sir Hibbert to say that Mr. Ogilvie's enquiries into the charges made against other officials has been, and will be, half-hearted because he would not wish to discover anything injurious to officials appointed by the husband of his niece. It is perhaps one of the finest things about politics that there is always supposed to be a deep affection between relatives by blood or marriage, whereas outside of politics these ties frequently indicate nothing. But it cannot be said that Mr. Ogilvie was appointed because of his relationship to anybody save his most intimate and creditable relationship to the Yukon for many years. No other living man had his qualifications of experience and character, and when in Toronto he did not impress me as a sentimentalist who would drown himself, or anything like that, to oblige the husband of a niece. He gave out the impression of being more an explorer than an uncle—a strong man justly proud of his achievements in the north, and just a little bit more particular about his reputation than any politician could afford to be about his. It will never be easy to turn public opinion against Mr. Ogilvie.

The Newspaper Club.

BEING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

What Interests You This Week?

The raw material of history—Phillips Thompson.

The Historical Exhibition has started a train of reflection as to the comparative meagreness of Canadian history, which, in its later developments, owing to constitutional government and the mild manners of these degenerate days, is painfully tame and anemic. The principal requisite for really first-class history is gore, and plenty of it. Places of historic interest in nine cases out of ten are localities where some killing has been done, either on a large scale as on the field of battle, or by the execution or assassination of some famous personage, in which case the quality of the gore compensates for its lack of quantity. Really, if it hadn't been for the Yankees in '72 and the rebels in '77, and more lately the Fenians and the half-breeds, who were sufficiently accommodating to fill a long felt want and traitors' graves, we shouldn't have had any history. As Emerson has it, "They builded better than they knew," and instead of being grateful to them for furnishing our writers and orators with about all the material they have for patriotic dithyrambs and after-dinner oratory, we are wont to speak disparagingly of these national benefactors. But this material is getting worn very threadbare, and in the absence of fresh blood what is to become of our history? How unpatriotic some Canadians are! Here are enough of them gone and enlisted in the Yankee service to get killed off in Cuba and the Philippines, to have put up a most beautiful fight at home. If they had only got up a row about something—the tariff, or the gerrymander, or any old thing—and fought a

battle in High Park for instance, it would have been a scene of historic interest for ever after, and the spot would have been pointed out to the traveler at the reasonable figure of twenty-five cents per point. But no—they get killed all the same, but the historic interest goes to foreigners who have already a wealth of it. I'm afraid there's no remedy. The "off with his head" business as a means of removing political opponents is hopelessly out of date, otherwise there are public men whose edifying end on the scaffold might lend historic associations to otherwise commonplace localities. I am afraid Canadians of the twentieth century will have to rub along without history.

Charles Lewis
Shaw writes
about
parsons.

Parsons. They make you feel how delightfully human you and they are. You accordingly like them. Three years at a college where they are turned out by the cord, a law practice and a newspaper life teach you much about parsons. The best study of mankind is man, and you have the best edition if you let that man be a parson. Human nature, its strength and weakness, generally sticks out all over him. It doesn't make any difference about his creed—that is a mere matter of detail—and serious study might possibly result in your doing what he does: living a seamy life. College records are not overflowing with paragraphs about the reverence displayed to divinity students by their fellow undergraduates. And divinity students become parsons. The details of the business life of the ordinary parson known to his lawyer do not make the latter trace, with almost superstitious awe, the similarity between the divine self-denial of the disciples of the Nazarene, and his client. Interviews on church work or matters semi-ecclesiastical with bishops, priests and deacons, or notes of sermons given in the vestry, do not unduly overwhelm the general run of reporters with the supernatural character of the news-giver. You begin to understand that he is a man, and generally a very nice man. And you feel your heart going out to him. You look beyond the white neck-tie, the ecclesiastical coat, or the cassock, and he doesn't lose anything. You feel very much at home on our western frontier to find a good, first-class row going on between the Roman Catholic and Methodist missions as to who shall have the glory of saving the immortal soul of a dog-eating, vermin-covered old pagan of an Indian, whose soul languishes for beef and beef only. The young ritualistic curate who has fainted twice in the pulpit during Lent on account of his fasting, and who is looked upon as a saint for attending typhus-stricken parishioners, you like a great deal more when he dismisses his cook for spoiling his Christmas dinner, and spends half an hour at an afternoon tea discussing with the young ladies the shade of purple necessary in one of his feast day stoles. You recognize that he is human.

Franklin
Gadsby writes
about
underclothes.

Strangely enough the thing uppermost in my mind is underclothes—the summer variety, I mean. There's a fortune waiting for the man who shall invent an undershirt which will not look like a bandage after a couple of visits to the laundry. The shrinkage in this sort of garment is more sudden and alarming than that of a mining stock when the vein peters out; and as for the other—the nether bifurcations—the wise man can never buy them slack enough to go through the season with his diaphragm unconstrained. The reticulated undershirt has quite a vogue in the haberdashers' windows, but I have not met the man yet who has bought one. They are very handy in a mosquito country, not because they serve as a netting, but because they give the mosquito a better chance. An industrious mosquito will not be content with foraging in the open spaces merely; if he has any nous at all he will discover that the juicier parts of the anatomy lie directly under the strings. While on this subject let me warn my friends against pink underclothes. They are comely to outward seeming, but, alas, they are as false as fair!

There was a little man
And his undershirt was pink.
But the bloomin' garment faded
When he fell into the drink.

Wack has
glad tidings
for boys.

We should change our holidays in Ontario or grow a new kind of potatoes. This may strike you at first as a meaningless string of words, but I have reference to the fact that a great many fathers make their sons plant potatoes on the Queen's Birthday, bill them up on Dominion Day, and—there are cases of it on record—store them in pits on Thanksgiving Day. Many a boy has run away from home because he was forced to plant potatoes on May 21 and to hoe them on July 1, yet men living in villages will continue to try to raise potatoes and sons by working the boys on these holidays, although flags may be flying everywhere and lots of fun going on. I have always desired to do something for boys, and now, although I can do nothing to let them free for Queen's Birthday, I have to report a great discovery that releases them for Dominion Day. The discovery is: that it does not pay to hill up potatoes. Of course boys have known this for long years but what I mean is that grown men have found it out—fathers of families who could just as well keep the boys hoeing on July 1st as not, but they will not let them hoe even if they wish to. Any boy has permission to show this paragraph to his father. Tests made last year by different people proved that unhilled potatoes produced a larger and better crop than hilled ones. There is no mistake about it—the extra work of going over the potatoes after they were "up" not only did no good, but actually caused them to run to top, to be later in maturing and to be less productive. This is a discovery which will be welcomed with cheers all over this fair land. To clinch the matter let me make an insinuation. The potato bug was unknown until about twenty-five years ago, and perhaps it was this useless work of hilling potatoes that gave him his toe-hold, because the hilling tends to keep the tops green longer than necessary, and thus the young bugs have abundant food to grow upon.

Social and Personal.



THE marriage of Miss Margaret (Daisy) Jennings, daughter of Mr. R. Jennings of the Oaks, Toronto Junction, and Mr. George Watt, one of Brantford's best known citizens, took place on the evening of June 23, at half past seven o'clock, in the Victoria Presbyterian church, West Toronto Junction, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Rae, officiating, assisted by Rev. Mr. Cockburn. The church and church were profusely decorated with thousands of fine daisies, the bride's pet name being recalled on every side by their stately bloom. On each pew end a smart bouquet was fastened within the area enclosed by white ribbons for the guests. Daisies were everywhere, and the queen flower of all was the tall, fair young bride, who was attended by Miss Allen of Goderich as maid of honor, Miss Cockburn of Paris, Miss Campbell of West Toronto, Miss Sheila Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, and Miss Dalton of Oakleigh. The younger sister of the bride and little Miss Isabel Creelman, eldest daughter of Mr. A. R. Creelman, and cousin of the bride, completed the pretty and graceful group. The bride wore a gown of white silk and overdress of transparent chenille-dotted gauze, a most gracefully arranged tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a huge shower bouquet of marguerites and ferns. The maids were in dainty white organdies, with immense Leghorn hats trimmed with tulle, plumes and love-knots of black velvet. Touches of green carried out the daisy color scheme, and large sheaf bouquets of daisies were carried. All wore very beautiful pins with linked hearts of pearls, the gifts of the groom. The choir sang a welcoming hymn as the bride's procession entered the church, the bride being led in by her father, Mr. G. Watt, nephew of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Leslie Jennings, Mr. Alec Creelman, Mr. Charles Macdonald of Cona Lodge and Mr. Alec Crooks, who were kept busy showing the guests to their places, until the hour set for the ceremony, when they led the bride's procession. After the ceremony the wedding guests followed the bridal party to the home of the bride's parents, when congratulations were heartily given to the bride and groom, and the fine array



of wedding gifts admired. Very elegant was the cut glass, very dainty the fancy work, and rich and handsome the gold and silver and china lavishly bestowed upon the popular girl. A liberal cheque from one parent and from the groom's father a furnished house in Brantford were none the less talked of, though not on exhibition. The *dejeuner* was served in a huge marquee softly illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and among the many smart guests were: Mrs. Leslie, grandmother of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. Watt, parents of the groom; Judge and Mrs. Lister, Mrs. A. R. Creelman and Miss Jennings, aunts of the bride, and Miss Bernard Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Archibald Campbell, Mrs. John Wright, Master D. Wright, Miss Hedley, the Misses Mills of Guelph, Miss Gibson of Beamsville, Mrs. Catto, Major and Mrs. Ross, Miss Greer, Mr. James H. Macdonald, Mrs. C. C. Dalton, Mrs. Edward Farrer, Miss Lulu Craig, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Cotton, Dr. and Mrs. Beemer, Mrs. R. A. and Miss Justina Harrison, Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Strathy, with many others from the city and the Junction. A pretty episode of the day, which had been utterly awful as to weather, occurred just as the bridal party left the church. The afterglow of a June sunset flooded the sky, and a most brilliant rainbow stretched from horizon to horizon. This unexpected ending to the day's unpleasant rain gave a brightness of hope and beauty which everyone wished might symbolize the future of the newly-married pair. Mr. and Mrs. Watt went to Montreal and other cities for their bridal tour and will make their home in Brantford.

The reception and garden tea given by Mrs. McIntyre at the Presbyterian Ladies' College last Saturday was a very largely attended and pleasant function. Back of the great college is a spacious lawn, at the rear of which a marquee was erected where a very nicely set buffet tempted everyone with many dainties. The fences were draped with flags, and seats disposed about the lawn, where many a laughing group gathered. Mrs. McIntyre received in the college, and its handsome *salon* was beautifully arranged, but the garden was the rendezvous of the company, and there they found plenty of gentlemen, and the hand some girl-graduates of the college, ready to look after their every want. An orchestra was stowed away under the trees, and played softly during the afternoon, and guests continued to arrive until after six o'clock, but none seemed ready to take leave. Mrs. McIntyre may be assured that everyone will look forward to her receptions with pleasant anticipations after last Saturday's very pleasant affair. Among the guests invited, most of whom were present, were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mowat, Dr. and Mrs. Warden, Mr. and Mrs. Lamport, Mrs. Becher, Miss Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Riddell, Dr. and Mrs. Parsons, Dr. Stenhouse, Prof. and Mrs. Ballantyne, Dr. and Mrs. Ball, Mrs. and Miss Shortreed, Miss Quinlan, Miss Temple Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Eaton, Mrs. S. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Dr. and Mrs. Parkin, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hodgson, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Anger, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Tandy, Dr. and Mrs. John Burwash, Lady Howland and Miss Bethune, Principal and Mrs. Loudon, Prof. and Mrs. McCurdy, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McClaren, Dr. and Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. M. J. MacArthur, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan, Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, Rev. S. and Mrs. Jones, Rev. John McEwen, Rev. Dr. Potts, Rev. John and Mrs. Neil, Mrs. Robert and the Misses Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Blaikie, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKay, Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. W. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Eoy, Premier and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, Mr. and Mrs. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, Dr. and Mrs. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. W. McMurtry, Miss Veals, Mrs. Neville, Dr. and Mrs. Cavan, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Jones, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunnet, Miss Ashley Dunnet, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Elmore Harris, Mrs. and Miss Carruthers, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Birmingham, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Clute, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mr. Henry Osborne, Dr. and Mrs. Badgley, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Fotheringham, Rev. C. W. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Carmen, Rev. Mr. Shortt, Rev. Mr. Rix, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Mr. W. A. Sherwood, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Mower Martin.

Mrs. Plunkett Magann's tea last Friday was one of those reunions upon which fortune specially smiled, though fortune would be a sour jade could she have done otherwise. Pretty as a picture was the sweet little hostess in a frock of rose and white, with a huge hat, as she welcomed her friends in the reception room and bid them pass on to the lovely lawn, where a view of the most superb, over the blue lake, stretches of velvety sward, sunshine just properly tempered, a tempting buffet loaded with dainties, a tuneful orchestra and plenty of happy, jolly people, made an *ensemble* unusually bright and attractive. Mr. Magann was the soul of hospitality and men were on hand by scores, so that everyone was well looked after. The summer beauties were out in all their airy fineries, muslins fit for fairies' wear, laces cobwebby and costly, pale tinted silks and ravishing hats. They made a flower-garden of the cool green lawns and filled the air with the music of chatter and laughter. Among them were: Lady Thompson, Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, the lady in an exquisite white lace gown over *bisque* silk; Mrs. James Crowther, all in delicate pale gray; Miss Hees and her charming guest, Miss Pope; Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mrs. and Miss McDonnell, M. and Madame Rochereau, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mr. James Crowther, Mr. and Miss Scott and Miss Buck, Mrs. and the Misses Heaven, Mr. and Mrs. Morang, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Greene, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Mrs. Cattanaeh, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. George Broughall, Mr. W. K. Muir, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gooch, Miss Maude Givins, Mr. and Miss Amy Laing, Miss Jessie Rowand, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mr. and Mrs. McDowall Thompson, Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. and Miss Cox, Miss Leverich, Dr. and Mrs. Hood, Miss Wornum, sweetly pretty in her quaint blue frock; Mr. Acton Burrows, Mr. Alfred Wright, Mr. Melvin-Jones, Mr. Alfred Jones, Mrs. and Miss Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wright, the lady looking stunning in a blue gown; the Misses Annie and Edie Michie, Miss Mabel Lee, Mr. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goulding, Major and Mrs. Greville-Harston, Dr. James and Miss Charlotte McLeod, Dr. and Mrs. James D. Thorburn, Mrs. and Miss Ada Hart, Miss Ridout, Dr. D. Drew Smith, Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Finucane, Mr. Minty, and Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewart.

Mrs. Heaven and the Misses Heaven, Mrs. Hill and pretty

Miss Victoria Palmer, with Mrs. George Morang, made up a welcoming house-party who seemed to draw all their friends to Atherly, regardless of the downpour of Wednesday afternoon. Never have people turned out with such a noble disregard of superfluous dampness, and the effort was amply repaid by the delightful hour spent in such pleasant precincts. The only parties who didn't enjoy the tea were the coachmen of the many carriages distributed along the streaming street, while my lady lingered late in pleasant Atherly. Mrs. Heaven, looking very handsome and distinguished, received in the first drawing-room; beside her, in a girlish white frock, hovered her pretty young niece, Miss Palmer from Mexico, whose elder sister lately made so many friends in Toronto. Here, there and everywhere were the bright, clever daughters, lovely Mrs. Morang with a tiny maid, the replica of her own fair self, by the hand, the Misses Heaven looking after all with winning courtesy. Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Farrer, Miss Perkins, Miss Hagarty, Mrs. and Miss Vivien, Mrs. and Miss Somerville, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Miss Vickers, Miss Hees, Miss Pope, Rev. Septimus and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. and Miss Lamport, the Misses Taylor, Miss Hedley, Mr. Morris, Dr. and the Misses McLeod, Mrs. Harry Pellatt, Mrs. Hetherington, Captain Brooke, Mrs. Gooderham, Miss Violet Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Bain, Dr. and Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. J. D. King, Miss King, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Dr. Percy Vivian, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, the Misses P. and Jean Smith, Mrs. Bertram, Mrs. Sweetnam, Mr. Arthur Jarvis and Mrs. C. H. Gooderham were a very few of the many present.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated in Trinity church, Colborne, on Wednesday, by Rev. G. P. Webb, between Miss Ethel Grace Dudley, second daughter of Mr. A. W. Dudley, and Mr. Harold Beckles Willson, the well known author. The church was profusely decorated with June flowers, the rood screen being especially beautiful, with masses of bloom. Many interested spectators were present, eager to catch a glimpse of the bride, who had been known to most of them all her life. She wore a lovely gown of white silk, with veil and orange blossoms. Her bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Minnie Dudley, and Miss Willson, sister of the groom. Mr. Bert Willson, brother of the groom, with his wife, a beautiful Southern girl, perfectly groomed; Mrs. R. R. Hartland, and Mr. and Mrs. William O'Flynn, were about the only guests, the invitations being limited to the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The newly-married couple have gone East for the honeymoon.

On Friday of last week Mrs. Chadwick gave a most enjoyable tea in honor of Mrs. Robert Smith and Miss K. Lizars, the clever Stratford sisters who are doing literary work with so much success. Many Toronto friends were charmed to have a few words with these cultured ladies and to receive Mrs. Chadwick's ever-cordial welcome. Miss Chadwick presided over a very pretty buffet, and the guests found it difficult to say goodbye to such a pleasant party. Lanmar will soon be deserted by its family group, who migrate to their usual Island home.

A very elegant garden tea was given last Saturday at Carbrooke by Mrs. Campbell, at which society gathered in great force. It was, I am told, a farewell for Miss Amy Campbell, whose marriage takes place this month. Among Mrs. Campbell's guests were noticed: Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. Allan, Mrs. MacLennan, Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. W. Herbert Cawthra, Mrs. and Miss Merritt, Mrs. Renaud, Colonel and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasset, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Mrs. Vernon Payne, Miss Todd, Mrs. Alexander Gibson, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Miss Maud Yarker, Mrs. Clarkson, Miss Nina Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Peiham Edgar, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Kuhlring, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Mowat, Miss Wilkie, Mrs. Biggar, Miss Crooks, Mrs. and Miss O'Brien, Miss Bellefeuille Macdonald of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Langtor, the Misses Street, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Edward Sprague, Mrs. and Miss Hodzins, Mrs. B. B. Osler, Miss Linda Denison, Mrs. Herbert Mullens, Miss Seymour, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon, Miss Small, Dr. Arthur Small, Mr. and the Misses Elmsley, Miss Bradshaw of England, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Macculloch, Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Miss Pomeroy, Miss Constance Boulton, Dr. and Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. Oliver Howland, Mr. A. Beadmore, Mr. Percival Ridout, Captain Mowat, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Rev. H. H. Waters of New Orleans.

There have been many pretty weddings in Toronto during the month that has now drawn to a close, but scarcely any more happily carried out than that which occurred on Tuesday afternoon at Holy Trinity church, when Mr. Arthur W. Bryan was married to Miss Lily Kamm. Both bride and groom are well known and have many friends in Toronto, and it is safe to say that no bridal couple ever left on a honeymoon trip with more well-wishes. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Pearson, and was witnessed by all the friends of the bride and groom and a large number of the members of the church, who congregated strongly on this occasion. The bride was exquisitely costumed in a gown of white silk and was attended by her cousin, Miss Lily Mills, who wore a becoming costume of white organdie. The groomsmen were Mr. Fred E. Bryan, and after the ceremony the wedding party and their friends were driven to the home of the bride's parents, 108 Dovercourt road, where luncheon was served. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan left on the evening train on a trip to Chicago and other points west. The congratulations of a host of friends, including the officials of the Ontario Jockey Club, among whom Mr. Bryan is a favorite, are with the young couple on their trip.

The engagement of Miss Florence Brimson (Mlle. Toronto) and Mr. Clarence Graff, to be followed by their marriage on July 12, is a brace of facts reported this week which interest many of our readers, most of whom will recall Mr. Graff's appearance to explain Miss Brimson's inability to sing on the occasion of her illness during a concert here. Mr. Graff is a very well known young manager with prominent musical organizations, and the best wishes of Toronto go to Toronto and Toronto's bridegroom elect.

Grimby park is determined to keep to the front as a summer resort. Very many families have already located at the hotels and cottages. The following additional cottagers and guests have arrived: Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Uroghart, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Martin, Dr. and Mrs. H. P. Galloway, Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Chown, Mrs. Amber W. Holtby of Toronto; Mrs. John H. Chapman of London, Mr. Rodney Stewart of Sugar Grove, Pa., Mr. J. H. Crosthwaite of Winnipeg, Mr. C. M. Gorton of St. Catharines, Miss Jennings of Memphis, Rev. A. J. Brace of Glenford; Rev. Wray R. Smith of Grimby, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Clarke of Gowanda, N.Y. Registered at Park Hotel are: Mr. C. W. Palmer of Chicago, Miss Elizabeth H. Keyes of London, Miss Cora M. Griffin and Mr. and Mrs. M. V. Morris of Scranton, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Butler and Mr. L. A. Macdonald of Hamilton, Mr. W. W. Keefe of Galt, and Mr. W. W. Stephen and Mr. D. A. Ferguson of Meaford.



WM. STITT & CO.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Special importations of cloths for Tailor-made Gowns.
Materials for Afternoon, Visiting and Dinner Gowns.

GLOVES

SPECIAL—8-bt. length Undressed Kid Gloves, in all colors, regular \$1.50 for 75c.
6-bt. length Gloves 50c.

2-clasp Gloves, in all colors, \$1.00 and \$1.25.
Chamois Wash Leather Gloves, Silk and Linen Gloves,
Bicycle Gloves.

R. & G.—CORSETS—P. & D.

Paris Kid Glove Store

TEL. 888. 11 and 13 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

PANTECHNETHECA

White China

We wish to announce to our customers all over Canada that we are making provision for the handling of our White China. If you are interested in these goods kindly write us for further particulars.

116 YONGE ST.

Nothing So Cool

in summer as a hardwood floor. Remove your dusty carpets, throw down two or three rugs and enjoy health, cleanliness and artistic beauty. Write for catalogue and discounts.

The Elliott & Son Co.

LIMITED

40 King Street East

Toronto

"Salviati" Glass

We have just passed into stock a very handsome and choice lot of "Salviati" Venetian glass vases, beautiful and appropriate for wedding presents. Prices range from \$5.00 to \$20.00.

IRVING'S

CHINA HALL. 49 KING EAST

Summer Resort Visitors

Requiring flowers for the weekly dance or hop need only send their orders to Dunlop's and be sure of receiving the freshest and best flowers possible to procure.

Dunlop's

Flowers are guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition. Telephone, 'phone or mail orders are attended to promptly.

5 King West 'Phones: 1424
445 Yonge St. 4192

Ice Cream Freezers

ICE TOOLS

SHREDDERS
PICKS—Three-foot
Handles

Cork Pulls

Rice Lewis & Son

LIMITED

KING AND VICTORIA STS.

TORONTO

ATTO
DRY GOODS ONLY

Towels

A great towel sale now on. Every style and class represented. The famous "Old Bleach" and other reliable makes.

—For the Bedroom
—For the Bathroom
—For the Yacht
—For the Seashore

Space here will only permit one line taken from each class.

Linen Huck Towels—fringed—bleached. Red, white and blue borders. Sizes run from 19 x 38 up to 27 x 45 inches. Size 20 x 40 is \$2.50 per dozen. Plain Hemmed Towels—size 20 x 38 is \$2.75 per dozen. Hemmed Linen Towels—size 20 x 38 is \$1.50 per dozen. Unbleached Crope Towels at \$1.50 per doz. Surgen's Towels, 15 x 25, at \$1.30 per doz.

Bath Towels

Fringed Turkish, brown linen, size 21 x 45, at 33c. each.
Cotton Bath Towels—plain white—18 x 30, at 12c. each.
Fancy Brown Cotton, 10c. each.
Hemstitched Cotton Bath Towels, 40c. each.
Turkish Bath Mat—18 x 18—\$2.50 each.
Turkish Bath Sheet—18 x 64, at \$1.25 each.
Turkish Bath Robe—2.50 each.
Turkish Bath Mitts, 81c. per pair.

Mail Orders

filled carefully and promptly. Address Department O.

JOHN CATTO & SON
King Street—opposite the Post Office

Faith, Trust AND Confidence

You can certainly have in a pair of spectacles obtained from us.

TORONTO OPTICAL PARLORS
88 Yonge St. (upstairs)
PHONE 602
F. E. LUKE, Refracting Optician
with W. E. HAMIL, M.D., Oculist

Campers' Supplies
GEO. W. COOLEY
Wines and Spirits
TELEPHONE 3089 567 Yonge Street
Goods carefully packed and promptly delivered.

"Hello"

I want your mother to take Hofbrau. It is the best thing to build her up and give her new life after her long sickness. I consider it the best extract of malt; have tested all others, and have had best results from

HOFBRAU
Besides, it contains less alcohol and your mother is too weak to stand much spirit.

All Druggists. Two Bottles for 25c.

W. H. LEE
CANADIAN AGENT

Because They're Guaranteed

That's why it pays you to find Kemp's

GRANITE or DIAMOND LABEL

On every piece of enameled ware you buy—they don't cost more, but wear better, and are strictly pure and wholesome—we not only say so, we guarantee it.

Kemp Mfg. Co., Toronto

THE Teas, Luncheons and Reception served by Geo. S. McConeky, 27 and 29 King St. West, are in the daintiest form and are perfections of the Caterer's art.

STATIONERY

A full line of the newest fashions and grades in Writing Paper and Envelopes, At Home, Dinner and Afternoon Tea Cards. Lowest prices for Card Plates, Monogram and Address Dies. Embossing and Printing Cards from Plate a specialty.

MISS E. PORTER
Stationery Department
Ladies' Work Depository, 47 KING ST. WEST

Antique Furniture

The largest Importers and Dealers on the continent of Antique Mahogany and Rosewood Furniture, Old Silver, Bronzes, Old China, Brice-a-brac, Old Armors Clocks, &c.

B. M. & T. JENKINS
412-4 YONGE STREET - TORONTO
PHONE 1275
Branches: 2 Phillips Square, Montreal
Birmingham and London, England

Notes from the Capital.

THE Earl and Countess of Minto worried over the troublesome question of "where to go for the summer" just like any other father and mother might have done. It seemed inevitable that they must go some place, even though Government House, Ottawa, held out all its attractions, with cool, shady woods within a stone's throw, to say nothing of sylvan dells included in the vice-regal enclosure, and the picturesque Ottawa River holding out inducements not a quarter of a mile away. They would, I think, have liked to stay at Government House, but it was an unheard-of proceeding for a Governor-General and family to spend the summer in Ottawa, and the awful tales of midsummer heat were told to them until nothing was left but to pack up and betake themselves to Stanley House, New Richmond, on the Bay of Chaleurs, where there is nothing to do and no one to do it with. Lady Minto dreaded Stanley House.

"What shall I do for a writing-table?" she enquired of her noble spouse.

"Oh! we can easily get a small table covered with green baize," that gentleman replied.

"But the servants!" Lady Minto continued. "What will they do? Where will they sleep?"

The servants do not like it a bit, let me tell you. Pampered menials they may be, but such as they are they cannot be easily replaced in Canada, and a Vice-Regal household must have servants. Next summer, it is stated positively, Lord and Lady Minto will have a cottage of their own somewhere up among the Chelsea hills, or on the banks of the impatient Gatineau. The chief point about the plan of this cottage is its nearness to the Capital.

Major and Mrs. Lawrence Drummond, with their small family, left on Tuesday for New Richmond, where they have taken a cottage not far from Stanley House.

The last couple of weeks have seen numbers of prominent people departing for country houses. As usual the lower St. Lawrence watering-places are the favorites, though not a few have this year taken houses at Fernbank, or among the Thousand Islands. Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. Palmer have gone to their pretty cottage at Fernbank, where are also Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Palmer in the well situated summer villa that formerly belonged to Hon. John Wood of Brockville, and that of late years has been tenanted by Mr. Justice Gwynne and his family. The Gwynnes are this year at Idlewild, a charming house on the river shore between Brockville and Fernbank.

Mrs. Hutton and her guests, Lady Charles Paulet and Mrs. Granville, were so pleased with the Military Camp at Niagara that they are off to another one at Levis, P.Q. The General encourages the presence of ladies in the camp, as it gives color to the social side of military life, which is agreeable to both officers and men. Mrs. Joseph Pope, the wife of the Under-Secretary of State, and beyond doubt *une belle Canadienne*, is likely to pay a visit to the camp at Levis with her sisters, the Misses Taschereau of Montreal, who are spending the summer with her at Riviere du Loup. Madame Lavergne is another brilliant member of Ottawa society who has half promised a visit to the camp at Levis.

While many are gone from Ottawa there are still many in town, and the session drags itself slowly along, but after all pleasantly enough. There are always some ladies in the Speaker's gallery of an evening. Lady Laurier, as usual, is at Home on Thursday evenings, and as the summer advances the attendance at these receptions appears to increase. Lady Laurier is very particular about these receptions of hers; she rarely lets any thing interfere, no engagements are ever made by her for Thursday evening, which is sacred to the Hon. Senators and the

"Fish-Eye" Diamonds

A diamond that is dull and lifeless is known to cutters as a "fish-eye."

You will never find any such stone in our stock, for we make a point of selling only such diamonds as will be a credit to us and a delight to the wearer.

Ryrie Bros.

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Streets
TORONTO.

Members of the House of Commons. For this reason Lady Laurier was not present at Mrs. Warren Soper's lovely moonlight garden party on Thursday night of last week. It was moonlight and electric light combined, and one seemed almost to improve the other. Lornado is situated on the highest point at Rockcliffe and commands a magnificent view of the river—the "Grand river," as the raftsmen still call it—and of the swift-flowing Gatineau, which comes down through the country from the blue hills which bound the picture. Mr. and Mrs. Soper received on the lawn, with a splendid affair of green, studded with many lights, built up behind them. The band played on the lawn, and during the intermissions there were some songs from several of Ottawa's sweetest singers. The wide veranda facing a large lawn at the back of the house was easily transformed into an ideal concert stage, while the aforementioned lawn was the auditorium. Electric lights shaded by colored Japanese lanterns formed lines of light all through the grounds. There were, however, some dimly lighted corners—most romantic spots—where the moon could not pierce the thickness of the foliage and where only the dim light from a Japanese lantern or two made darkness visible. It was quite an ideal garden party, the only trouble being that it was a little too dark to see the many pretty frocks that one knew were there. Mrs. Clifford Sifton, who only got back to Ottawa that morning from Toronto, was looking as bright and handsome as ever. Lady Edgar was there with her daughters; Madame Lavergne and Miss Gabrielle Lavergne; Lady Strong and her granddaughter, Miss Lyon; Hon. Sidney Fisher; Judge and Mrs. King; Senator and Mrs. Macdonald from Charlottetown, P.E.I., and ever so many other Senators, and Members of Parliament, these latter delighted to get a whiff of pure, cool air after the fatigue of the night before, when the House rose only at seven a.m.

Social and Personal.

THE Island Club-house of the Yacht Club was hung with Chinese lanterns and red and green lamps (while a late moon rose enquiringly to see what disturbed the first time the duet of the bullfrogs and the chirrup of the crickets) when the harpers played in tune and the first quadrille of the summer season was formed. Three score and ten had the diners been, and they had all dined wisely and well. A great company lingered until nearly nine o'clock at a long table spread in the dancing-room, while outside the summer girls and the yacht boys awaited in more or less impatience their tardy departure. It was a jolly dinner, given by Mr. Harry McMillan to a bright party of young friends, who wore the lovely Beauty roses from the banquet in their frocks and coats through the evening, and the beauty of youth and good spirits shamed the fairest of the flowers. A very large company danced waltzes, two-steps and polkas to the music of D'Alesandro's men. The floor was newly done, and the whole club house had a smart air, as if sprucing up to welcome the charming guests. Several pretty girls made a summer debut, which everyone knows does not count. Mrs. Julius Miles had her sweet little daughter, fair-haired and merry-faced; that charming brunette, Miss Ruby Croil, was a much admired girl. Miss Leverich in a black frock, Miss Evelyn Cox in white duck, Miss Miles in white and heliotrope, Mrs. Carruthers in white, with a lovely hat trimmed in lilac; Miss Bessie Hees in pale blue, and her young guest, Miss Pope, who is a most popular girl; Mrs. Kemp in gray, Mrs. S. G. Beatty in white, Miss Charlotte McLeod in a pretty light dress, Miss Sloan, the Misses McArthur, Miss Muriel Massey, Miss Marion Barker, Miss McDonnell, Miss Violet Towner, the Misses Evans, Miss Carly Stammer, Miss Smith, Miss Lowndes, Miss Evelyn Thompson, Miss Kendry of Peterboro', Miss Burgess, Miss Bond, the Misses Wilkes, Miss Ruby Fraser, Miss Nourse, Miss Ida Smith, Miss Christie, Miss Ellis, Miss Fauquier, Miss Burrows, Miss Proctor, Miss Devigne, Miss Boswell, Miss Ashworth, Miss Morrison, Miss Nicol, were some of the ladies present. The Commodore and Mrs. Jarvis were dining at the Club on Monday and remained for the dance afterward. They had been sailing in the afternoon, and Mrs. Jarvis looked very smart in a white peaked yachting-cap. Mr. Byrson, a new member, had a small dinner, and several other little groups dined and afterwards danced.

Captain Frederick W. Law is expecting a visit from his brother, General Law, who came out with Mrs. Frederick Law a short time ago, from England. General Law has received his promotion since his last visit to Toronto, when he held the rank of Colonel; he makes a short visit in Peterboro' before coming on to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Dods gave the Pastime Cycling Club a most enjoyable and extremely pleasant evening at their home, Dovercourt road, Thursday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mr. W. S. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Monro Grier, Mr. Hiram Piper, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mr. J. Strachan Johnson, Mrs. W. R. Johnson, Miss Livingston, Mr. H. S. Mara, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Miss Thorne, Miss Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. P. Small, Mr. F. Score, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Brownlee, Mr. and Mrs. N. Marshall, Mr. Joseph Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Miss Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Pearson, Miss Pearson, Miss Beatrice Pearson, Miss Madeline Pearson, Dr. and Mrs. E. Herbert Greene, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Suydam, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Douglas, Mr. H. Bremner of Hamilton, Mrs. J. F. Jordan of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Schuch, Mr. T. E. White of Chicago, Mr. W. Pearson, Mr. M. Walsh of Ingersoll, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cox, Mr. John Spink of Bowmanville, Rev. T. C. S. Macklem, Mr. Charles Cam-

eron of Collingwood, Mr. G. Hyslop, Mr. George Wheeler, Mr. W. H. Boyd of London, Eng., Mr. George Baker, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Maclean, Mr. M. Hurved of New York, Mr. M. H. Mark of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stout, Miss Stout, Miss Mary Stout, Miss Charlotte Stout, Miss Helen Stout, Mr. Walter Stout, Rev. F. C. Heathcote, Mr. N. M. Cautlin and Mr. Chris Campbell of St. Joseph, Miss Helen Lovell, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Mackintosh, Mr. Ernest C. Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Robertson of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. John Michals of Montreal, Mr. H. P. Blackey, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Adamson, Mr. A. P. Choate, Mr. C. A. Jennings, Dr. J. R. McDonagh, Mr. J. A. McDonagh, Mrs. and Miss Reid, Mr. B. Reid, Mr. F. J. Budger, are registered at Hotel Hanlan.

A most enjoyable bicycle party was given by Mrs. Chadwick of Howland avenue on Friday evening of last week to some of the friends of her son, Mr. George Chadwick. After enjoying a short ride the guests returned to Howland avenue, where supper was served. Dancing was kept up till an early hour. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Smith. Among those present were: The Misses Massey, the Misses Fuller, Miss Muriel Smith, Miss Margaret Noble, Miss Belle Nash, Miss Edith Sweatman, Miss Hall, Miss Harrison, Miss Coals of England, Miss Allen, Miss Molly Waldie, Miss Winnie Darling, Miss Deda Gillespie, Messrs. Sweatman, Rex Smellie, Allie Warden, Scott Waldie, Hal Thorne, Sherry Sutton, Fred. Harrison, Fowler Austin, Guy Ireland, Irvie Ardagh, Chas. Fellows, John Rogers and Allan Taylor.

Miss Graham Stewart has been staying in Hamilton with Miss Mewburn. At the Yacht Club dance recently given in that city she was one of the pretty young girls who were so much the cause of the success of the evening. Another charming Toronto girl was Miss Irene Somerville, who wore a dainty gown of white organdie and is the guest of Miss Muriel Steele. Miss Anne Hendrie wore blue and white *foularde*; Miss Marie Wylie wore white pique and a stylish sailor hat; Miss Ethel Brown wore pink muslin; Miss Ethel Calder looked well in white pique; Miss Leggett wore white serge. Others popular and charming were: Mrs. Branthwaite, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Frank MacKellan, Mrs. Jack Hendrie, Mrs. Patterson of Winnipeg, Miss Blaikie of Toronto, Misses Mewburn, Vallance, Wood, Barker, Gillard, Balfour, Greer, Barnes and Counsell, Messrs. Calder, Harris, Leggett, Gillies, Acres, Bruce, Carr, Osborne, Ambrose, Glascoe, Husband and Percy Vivian. The night was of June's fairest and the floor and music were excellent.

The marriage of Miss Alice Emily Webster, second daughter of the late William Webster, and Mr. Thomas Ferguson took place at the residence of Mr. James E. Webster, 218 Palmerston avenue, Rev. C. O. Johnson being the officiating minister. The bride wore cream white silk veiled in organdie, and carried a shower bouquet of cream roses. She was attended by a maid of honor, her sister, Miss Edna Webster, and a bridesmaid, Miss Tennant. Mr. William Ferguson, brother of the groom, was best man. Miss Webster wore a green slip with overdress of white organdie, and carried pink roses, and Miss Tennant wore cream over pink, and carried crimson roses. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson went to New York on their bridal trip. Many handsome gifts were presented to them by Toronto friends, and others swelled the list from Buffalo, Trenton, N. J., Niagara, Detroit, Montreal, Richmond and Terrebonne, Quebec. The gift of the groom to the bride was a gold watch studded with diamonds. The firm for which the groom is traveling presented the young couple with an elegant marble mantel clock.

Most atrocious weather interfered with the crowning charm of Wednesday's tea at Atherly, a stroll in the green shady orchard and garden. A Waterloo indeed for the hostess is a sulky downpour and an east wind in June; such can only be borne with the cheerful philosophy which is the keystone of good breeding, and was, needless to say, equal to the occasion at Atherly on Wednesday.

Colonel Berkeley Powell, M.P.P., was in Toronto this week. Hon. Clifford Sifton spent Monday in Toronto; General Hutton was also in Toronto, en route for the Niagara camp. Mrs. D. F. Macpherson of Clinton is visiting Mrs. Leckie of Earl street. Rev. Charles Gordon is spending a short time with relatives in town. Mr. C. E. S. McPherson left on Tuesday for his new duties in Winnipeg; a presentation of a magnificent gold repeater watch was made him by some of his Toronto friends before his departure. Miss Marie Ward of Belleville is the guest of Miss Ryan in Grosvenor street. Mrs. Woodward of New York made a short visit to Miss May Walker this week, en route for her summer sojourn in Cobourg. Miss Amy Street of Wainwright is visiting friends in Dorval. Miss Marion Boulthée of Iver House returned home this week after a residence abroad of some years, and her engagement has been announced to Dr. Longfield Smith of Edinburgh, now holding a Government appointment at Barbadoes. Miss Adelaide Wadsworth is enjoying a Montreal visit. Miss Noble and Miss Robertson are the guests of Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at the Grange. Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn will go to England next month. Mrs. Arkle of the Priory is going to visit her recently widowed sister, Lady de Hechepeid Larpet, in a few days. Mrs. Montzambert and her family have gone to Cacouna for the summer. Mrs. Walter Beardmore has gone to England.

Miss Beatrice Sullivan, eldest daughter of the late Bishop of Algoma, has given us many interesting and beautiful proofs of artistic talent. The gifted artist has recently made a new departure and taken up that dainty branch of art, miniature painting, in which she has achieved

FOWNES'

Fownes is a household word in Great Britain—it is a guarantee that the Kid Glove is reliable and fashionable. Nobility and fashion wear none other. To be up-to-date you must wear them—*It is English you know.* Reliable dealers sell them—When you ask for them see you get them.

KID GLOVES

The... **"Smart" Belts** of the season are the **Dog Collar Belt** and the **Patent Leather Belt** and **NECKTIE** In White, edged with Black, and Black edged with White.

THE NEWEST THINGS are always shown by us first.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co.
LIMITED
105 KING ST. WEST
MAKERS OF
Purses, Belts, Chatelaine Bags

"Stower's"
Lime Juice
Lime Juice Cordial
AND
Lemon Squash
Best! Purest! Strongest!

Wedding Cakes

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion, safe arrival guaranteed. Catalogues and all information cheerfully given.

The HARRY WEBB CO.
LIMITED
TORONTO

Cooked Meats

Nothing nicer for the hot weather than our cooked meat. Read this:

Boiled Ham	25c. lb.
Picnic Ham	17c. "
Jellied Ox Tongue	30c. "
" Lunch Tongue	20c. "
" Hocks	15c. "
" Turkey	30c. "
Tenderloin	25c. "
Pressed Corn Beef	15c. "
Beef Ham	25c. "

These are all prepared by ourselves on our own premises. Sugar cured hams and bacon, the finest in the city.

F. Simpson & Son
736-738 Yonge Street

Books by Post

WHILE you are away for vacation we shall be pleased to send to you—"on approval" if necessary—any novels you may require. We invite correspondence. Take a good supply of summer reading with you. We have them from 10c. up.

In writing address—
The Bain Book & Stationery Co.
96 Yonge St. Toronto

marked success. This week an exhibition of a charming little collection of her portraits has attracted much attention to Ellis's window, where it is on view. An excellent example, where the fine subject has inspired the artist's greatest effort and most finished work, is the portrait of the pastor of St. James' Square Presbyterian church. Mr. Jordan's picture evokes the admiration of all.

Crompton Corsets ENSURE STYLISH FIGURES

and are recommended especially for their careful construction, unrivaled wearing qualities and unsurpassed comfort.

Victoria Contour Queen Moo Magnetic Qebah and Yafisi Corsets and the famous, **Crompton Hygienic Waists**

FOR SALE IN ALL THE DRY GOODS

... GO TO ...
DORENWEND'S
If you wish Up-to-Date Styles

At Lowest Prices Our large and select stock in WIGS, HATS, SWIMBES, Etc. is not equalled elsewhere on the continent.

Mail Orders a Specialty
Visit our Hair-Dressing Rooms. For appointments telephone 1531.

The DORENWEND CO. OF TORONTO
LIMITED
103 & 105 Yonge Street

ONE OF PEMBER'S LATEST STYLES—The Leading Hair Goods Dealer and Manufacturer.

Manicuring and Chiropody
Best manicuring 50c. Ten treatments 50c. each.
Corns, Bunions, Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert chiropodist.
E. A. STACHNOR, 124 King St. West, Opp. Rossin House, Toronto. Telephone 1222.

My Descent on France



BY CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

PRINCE HENRI OF ORLEANS was resting in Brussels after a long and arduous summer of manifestoes; the heir of the Bonapartes, in the same line of business, was exerting himself to think out a coup d'etat, a duel, a crisis, in fact any old thing that would prevent his sinking into a fat unit of the Boulevard; the German Emperor was a hunting and giving the world a chance to wag along without his directing hand; the Panama scandal was ancient history; the Dreyfus affair had not re-opened; and France was restless for a sensation. And France isn't particular. An assignment from my chiefs making it convenient—I went.

"You will go at once to Paris and wait instructions," said the man in London who had the privilege of directing my life at so much a month for the said privilege. This was at a time when the representatives of the European powers had met in Cairo to settle the status of Great Britain in the Sudan. Kitchener settled it the other day. On their decision depended a movement by British troops on Khartoum or a cessation of hostilities, my presence in the advance up the Nile and other things affecting the history of the world's greatest continent. However, Cecil Rhodes was railroaded South Africa, Lord Cromer was in Egypt, Kitchener was ready and I was to be in Paris.

The cabman, however, who shouldered my bag didn't seem unduly impressed with the weight of it. Cabmen and landlords' opinions vary in inverse ratio to the weight of a man's baggage. I once knew a man from the gold fields of Northern Ontario who travelled four months and a half through seventeen States and four Provinces on three dollars and forty-five cents, a railway pass, three trunks, one suit of clothes, four collars, two shirts, and five hundred and eighty-five pounds of quartz rock. When the pass ran out the last landlord assayed the quartz at thirteen cents to the ton.

However, the cabby's scornful look touched me as he handled the bag in a gingerly manner, for it was the sort of thing that might hold anything from an evening coat to a secret despatch or a dynamite bomb. It had held sheep-horns, frying pan and moose meat on the back of a cayuse in the Rockies, law books and suit papers in a frontier law practice, stolen cheese and durra meal in the Sudan, Maltese crosses, a Gibraltar monkey and Spanish cigars in the Mediterranean, soiled clothes in London, embalmed beef, cartridges, fly books, spirit flasks and novels on Muskoka hunting trips—and it never could be lost. That was its distinctive characteristic. Everybody was fearful of owning it. Time and again I had lost everything I possessed—even my reputation—but that bag, never. I threw it away on the second day of a protracted moose chase in the foothills one time, and six Indians, two squaws and a papoose followed my trail for eight days to return it and live for a week at my expense. I left it mid the rocks of Ambigal enclosing a woollen guernsey that had developed qualities that interfered with the progress of the Gordon Relief Expedition on the Nile, and the energies of the whole transport service were brought into action to get that bag to me. But I was grateful. The guernsey was gone. It caught me once at an afternoon tea on the lawn of a Richmond villa, and I believe the butler slept beside the plate chest that night. I left next day. My landlady in London said she had sent it to me as she was afraid to sleep alone with it in the house. It was the sort of bag that would ruin the reputation of an archbishop.

I had only half an hour to catch the train at Euston Square, and managing editors' instructions are not to be trifled with. The bag was handy, and it came.

I was congratulating myself on my travelling companion to Dover, an Englishman who would talk without four letters of introduction, a certificate of character and a family pedigree. I started him on the weather, and he was getting along nicely when the bag stopped him. He seemed to be in an intellectual struggle thereafter trying to explain away the presence of that bag in a first-class railway carriage. It didn't seem to harmonize. He tangled himself up trying to understand an extract from the Koran an Arab had plausibly inscribed on it for its infidel owner's benefit, a pictorial guide of a Rocky Mountain trip in ornamental Cree and a verse of a French-Canadian canoe song mixed up with the Broad Arrow of the British Government, my name, a tally of fish caught and a statement of account with an Indian trader, grease stains, railway, steamship and hotel labels and a hundred and one other marks of travel on its original

white waterproof exterior. The solution of the Arabic inscription alone drove him to his pocket flask and he had a glare in his wild, rolling eye when he tackled the Cree pictures.

On the Channel next morning I doubted the wisdom of going alone and unarmed into a foreign country with that bag.

The passage was rough, and half of the passengers seemed to be unable to hold on to even their insular prejudices. I took possession of a deck chair vacated by a young man who seemed to be busy composing magazine poetry or something or other as he looked down into the sad sea waves, and the bag was left "solitary and alone" on the deck. It was safe. The promenading passengers circled around it and looked at it in an earnest, enquiring sort of way. Those who had carelessly permitted themselves to be drawn into conversation with strangers drew apart and eyed each other suspiciously. Those who showed incipient signs of mal de mer grew better. They hadn't time for anything else while the mystery of that bag was unexplained. The magazine poet cast one woeful look and employed himself the rest of the trip disowning any knowledge of it. I began to feel the responsibility of that bag, and I felt it my duty to the paper I represented to put it under my top coat when I placed my foot for the first time on the sacred soil of France. I felt that if the Bourbons and the Bonapartes and Henri Rochefort only kept quiet for a little while longer, that bag would create a sensation in "the chosen home of chivalry, the garden of Romance." And it did.

One never knows how British he can feel until he goes to France. I felt like Richard Coeur de Lion and the Black Prince rolled in one. Then a custom house officer wanted to know what I had under my coat. He staggered back three paces when I showed him, and said something in a peculiar kind of French which probably meant "Guards, turn out." The landing waiters came, saw and bulged their eyes out trying to look through and beyond the hieroglyphics on that bag. In a husky voice the commander in chief—he couldn't be less and wear that gorgeous uniform—asked me something. I caught the one word "key." I explained that in the hurry of my departure I had left it on a bureau in a second floor bedroom up Holborn Way in London, and had only discovered my loss when half way across the Channel, and didn't know the captain of the steamer well enough to ask him to turn around and steam back to Dover. The dazed look deepened on the officer's face. He beckoned me into an office, and as the landing waiters surrounded me and the bag, he and another commander in chief talked long and earnestly to me in bad French. I have known French half-breeds and Ottawa rivermen speak better. It was different, anyway. I hadn't a passport. After half an hour I hadn't anything but a care-worn spirit and a desire to get to Paris with that bag. There didn't seem to be that cordial understanding between citizens of two countries at peace that there ought to have been. There might have been if I could have grasped their imperfect French, which, however, they spoke volubly enough. We would have got along better if I hadn't been such a good linguist. I flattered myself that I could speak Cree, Arabic, French, and make breaks at my mother tongue, but I had picked them up higgledy-piggledy at odd years, and had somehow got them all mixed up. If I ventured daringly beyond English I gave my audience the benefit of my whole repertoire. I tried hard to break myself of the habit, but I would no sooner get my Arabic to run smoothly along by itself when I would find myself in the Cree country, and when the Cree was working nicely I would wind up in Lower Town, Ottawa. I would start with a Cree noun—I was strong on Cree nouns—interlard the complicated sentence with Arabic adverbs—splendid language, Arabic, for adverbs—sling in some pretty French adjectives and top the whole thing off with a good, telling English verb, and then I would feel a glow stealing over me. This custom house generalissimo called for help, and then he and seventeen other generalissimos tried to solve my straightforward explanation of that bag. But there wasn't an Indian or an Arab in the crowd. My fellow passengers waiting their turn swore in plain Anglo-Saxon. The customs people would have cut the old thing open if I had known the French for "cut" or the Broad Arrow of whilom British ownership had not been on it. It might be from the Foreign Office of perfidious Albion. But I wasn't the only pebble on the Calais beach. An English lord and a Yankee millionaire objected to the suspension of the Calais custom house business for my benefit, and they objected strongly.

The seventeen myrmidons swooped

down on their luggage and their chiefs retired to consult. I saw my chance. I took off my large travelling coat, dropped it carelessly on the much-inquired-into bag, picked both up carelessly, strolled out of the office, jumped into a cab and in a few minutes afterwards was bowling along at the rate of forty miles an hour to Paris.

I wouldn't have chuckled so much at having outwitted the officials of the best policed country in Europe if I had known that a telegram was beating the train by a fraction under forty miles an hour, and that the said telegram described myself to a nicety and went into hysterical superlatives over the bag. I saw the telegram afterwards. It wound up with saying that something or other was tres dangereuse. It must have been the bag. As it was, it did seem curious that at every station a gendarme, sometimes two, came up to the window and gave himself a treat by gazing on me and the bag till the train moved out. I didn't know that the north-western portion of "la belle France" was agitated about me and my affairs.

At Paris the landlady of the Pension positively refused in the same bad custom house French, that I found out afterwards everybody used, to receive me and the bag until I paid extra for the bag. I began to think it would be necessary to open up a separate account for it and call it luggage account, but for the next few days I was sight-seeing and waiting for instructions. There is no place like Paris for waiting for instructions, provided you never get them. You have so much to do without instructions. I felt like cabling to Cairo for the plenipotentiaries not to hurry on my account. I was doing nicely.

And all this time the Parisian police, the indefatigable and world-renowned, were leaving military plots, political treasons, international conspiracies and anarchistic outbreaks to undermine the Republic while they tried to unravel the mystery of that old bag of mine. It was the chance of a lifetime to either the Bonaparte or Bourbon claimant. France was at their mercy.

I didn't know that I was affecting the history of a great people until the son of my landlady came to me one night with pale face and trembling hands in a crowded cafe chantant and whispered that the police were in my room, and he suggested that I should fly. They are conspirators from their cradle, these Parisians. I rapidly went over the various crimes of my life, and as none had occurred since my arrival within the jurisdiction of the French courts, I waited to see if the young woman on the stage could kick the chandelier down or not, and followed my youthful informant back to my lodgings. The police were there all right enough, and so was the bag—in the place of honor on the table. As I had purchased, as was my intention, a new travelling bag and outfit the day before, I was indifferent and told the lynx-eyed sleuths to take the blankety blank bally old bag anywhere they liked. And they took it to the office of some high functionary of police and left a gendarme on guard at the door of the Pension all night, which made me an important personage at breakfast next morning. An old Russian came over and shook hands with me and gave me a mystical grip. A Polish art student asked me up to his room to join him in a glass of absinthe. Even the waiter attempted to fraternize with me when he told me that some commissioner or magistrate or whatever he was wanted to see me at once at his office.

A couple of gendarmes came with me to see that I didn't forget the appointment. Then I listened for nearly an hour to questions in the same bad French that had annoyed me since my arrival, and answered them as best I could, considering that I only understood one word of ten he was saying, and M. le Commissaire had a worried look on his face. I told them to open the confounded bag, but I told them, aggressively, and the Broad Arrow stopped them. I might have told Salisbury at my back. I began to get nervous, however. I didn't wish to get the paper mixed up with that bag in a police court evasion of the customs case, and the newspaper instinct of not giving your assignment away is strong; but at the same time I didn't wish to be incarcerated in the Bastille. The mere fact that the Bastille was burnt down over a hundred years ago didn't relieve my troubled spirit. They would have a Bastille around somewhere. I determined to risk an international embroglio which might plunge Great Britain and France into a war fearful to contemplate. In a speech, of which the exordium was English, the argument Arabic, the descriptive Cree, and the peroration French—it is the easiest thing in the world to perorate

in French—I demanded the protection of my Government. I then struck an attitude and the judge, magistrate, commissioner, or whatever he was, called for and drank two glasses of wine. That speech of mine nearly knocked him out. Then they placed me and the bag in a cab with two policemen and drove to the British Embassy.

I didn't like making an international affair out of my troubles, and I felt that the Salisbury Cabinet had trouble enough without throwing that bag on their hands, but I wasn't going to do any time in any Bastille if I knew it while the Sudan war was clamoring for my presence. I asked for the Ambassador and felt a little cut up because a junior attache was sent to attend to the matter. Keys were sent for, the gendarmes gathered around with their eyes sticking out like a bull frog's with curiosity while I opened the bag. The nightshirts surprised them, the brushes and toilet articles were passed with a glance, though the tooth-brush caused a little excitement, while they examined the tooth powder as if they would like it analyzed, and evinced curiosity at the soap. The underclothes and socks were not of a nature to wreck the Republic, then two or three other little indispensables in the way of collars, tobacco, razor, writing pads, etc., and then I stopped. There was a whispering among the gendarmes.

The attache said: "They say there is something more." I hesitated—then put my hand into the bag and—stopped for a minute, and the eager, feline look of the tiger about to seize his prey came into the faces of the detectives. I slowly pulled out the little box and with trembling fingers and downcast eyes opened it. Then the junior attache of Her Britannic Majesty's Embassy at Paris burst into a shriek of laughter. The gendarmes didn't. They retreated with a sickly smile to the door. They didn't even have the politeness to answer my "Boo" jour.

And the attache asked me to lunch and laughed all the way through it. And when a junior attache who is round-shouldered from the idea that he is bearing the responsibilities of an empire on which the sun never sets, laughs, it is worth laughing about.

Lost—Two Years.

"Yes, sir," said the stock-broker. "I have never ceased to mourn the fact that I lost two years out of my life."

"How do you make that out?" asked his friend, the insurance man.

"I lived upon milk for two years," said the stock-broker, solemnly.

"That's certainly longer than most," returned the insurance man. "I was weaned at six months."

"I mean since I reached manhood's estate," said the broker.

"How was that?" asked his friend.

"Doctor's orders," said the broker. "I used to be sort of a self-indulgent fellow in the way of victuals."

"I like a good dinner myself," interrupted the insurance man.

"Yes, well I used to eat everything that came along if it was nice, and I played my stomach out. By and by I found I had dyspepsia and I straightway became a dyspepsia crank."

"I've heard of 'em," remarked the insurance man.

"Well, I was one," said the broker. "I started in to cure myself. Well, sir, if I was to tell you all I took and all I did to get rid of that fiendish disease, I would keep you here all night. It was after I had tried about everything, I struck the great milk cure."

"This is where you lost the two years," said the insurance man.

"Yes, I ate nothing for two years. I drank milk till I hated the sight of it."

"Did it cure you?" asked the insurance man.

"It did not," said the broker. "And the worst of it was I found after two years of it I might have been eating good honest beefsteak all the time—yes, or quail on toast for that matter."

"How was that?"

"If I'd only known it, a Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal would have digested my food for me, rested my stomach, and cured the Dyspepsia inside a month or so. You can get them at any drug store for fifty cents a box, too."

"That's where ignorance wasn't bliss," said the insurance man.

"It's wise to be wise in regard to Dyspepsia and Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets," said the broker.

Stood His Ground.

"Can you hollowgrind this razor?" asked a customer who had stepped into a razor-grinding establishment presided over by a hard-headed man with bristling hair and an aggressive look on his face.

"You want me to hollowgrind it, I

"Lest You Forget" Our Ad's Here Yet "SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

THE TEA THAT IS PURE.

Lead Packets Only.

Never in Bulk.

25c., 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c.



suppose?" he said.

"No, sir," rejoined the other. "I want you to hollowgrind it."

"If it's ground hollow ain't it hollowground, sir?"

"If you grind it hollow don't you hollowgrind it, sir?"

"Do you think you can come in here and teach me anything about my business? I've been hollowgrinding razors for twenty-five years—"

"No, you haven't. You've been hollowgrinding them."

"Do you reckon I don't know what I do for a living?"

"I don't care whether you do or not. Will you hollowgrind this razor?"

"No, sir, I won't! I'll hollowgrind it or I won't touch it."

The customer reflected a moment.

"See here, my friend," he said. "Can I have it ground hollow here?"

"Certainly."

And they compromised on that basis, each feeling that he was a little ahead.

"My boy," said a musician to his son, "don't be too sharp nor yet too flat. Just be natural."

Men are like tea—their real strength and goodness are not drawn out until they have been in hot water.

Father—How is it that you're such a dunce at your lessons, Tommy?

Tommy—I expect it's hereditary.

"Jane, did you break the china plate?" "Yes'm. You got taken in with that plate, mum. It's a weak 'un. It broke the fourth time I dropped it."

Mrs. Fijit—What is the noise in the next room? The housemaid—Oh, it's the parson rehearsing his sermon for to-morrow. Mrs. Fijit—Oh, I see; practising what he preaches.

Miranda (visiting city friends)—My, here's her visitin' card. Miranda's husband—What does it say? Miranda—It says she's at home Thursdays. Wonder where she stops rest of the time?

Mrs. Boardem—How do you find the chicken soup, Mr. Boarder? Mr. Boarder—I have no difficulty in finding the soup, madam, but I am inclined to think the chicken will prove an alibi.

Exhibitor—This, ladies and gents, this piece of straw is that celebrated last straw that broke the camel's back.

Mrs. Farmer—Weel, weel, John, that's wonderful. I've heard o' that straw a' my life, but little did I expect ever to see it.

A paper published in Paris recently contained the following unique advertisement: "A young man of agreeable presence, and desirous of getting married, would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step."

"Dorothy, I saw a beautiful gown in a shop window to-day." "What was it, Julius?" "Well—it was that zigzaggy kind of cloth—and it had those braided things across the front and down the back; and some awful stylish pointed things on the skirt."

IF YOU ARE AT A LOSS TO KNOW

—I wish you would get one just like it."

The other day a teacher at a girls' school, while putting a company of juveniles of the gentler sex through their spelling, came to the word "lad," of which, in accordance with the modern method, she asked the use and signification. One little puss, on the question being put, with a side-long look, unblushingly answered: "They're useful for courting with."

Aurelia (anxiously)—Have you seen George this evening, papa? He promised to call. Papa—Yes, he did call, and I entertained him for an hour before you came downstairs. Aurelia—You entertained him, papa? Papa—Yes. I gave him a list of all the new dresses you had last year, and the cost of each. I never saw a man more interested, yet he left very hurriedly.

THE OSTERMOOR MATTRESS

Whatever the weather—hot or cold—the most comfortable mattress to sleep on is an Ostermoor patent elastic felt mattress—a luxurious bed. Prices \$2 to \$15.75.

The OSTERMOOR BEDDING CO.

434 Yonge St., Toronto Opp. Carlton St.

SEND FOR

What to Read During the Summer

A prettily illustrated booklet describing the important books of the year, which will be sent free to anyone upon application to

The COPP, CLARK CO., Limited

PUBLISHERS, TORONTO

SPECIALTIES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber and Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices. Send 2c. stamp for circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO.

P. O. Box 1142 Montreal.

SPOKANE MINING BOOM. Send 25c. subscription for book containing maps and valuable information relative to mines and mineral deposits in Washington, Idaho and British Columbia. MINING INFORMATION BUREAU, P. O. Box 700, Spokane, Wash. 967

SPECIAL NOTICE

ON JULY 8

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT will commence a new set of

SHORT COMPLETE STORIES

BY HELEN MATHERS

Frank T. Bullen

Amelia E. Barr

Athol Forbes

Adeline Sergeant

Rev. S. Baring-Gould

Everyone who enjoys a brightly-written story with an effective plot should read this series.

No. 1 is

"Over the Hills and Far Away"

BY HELEN MATHERS

Bell Pianos

Built to last a lifetime

You MUST get lighter weight

Underwear

This changeable weather demands all fine wool.

JAEGER'S ensures this.

DEPOT 85 King Street West

CARLSBAD WATERS

Have cured millions of sufferers from

Gout, Rheumatic Troubles and all Disorders of the Stomach

Ask your druggist for a bottle of the celebrated waters. Take no other but the NATURAL CARLSBAD WATERS. Imported direct from the springs by

The Canadian Importers and Exporters Association

Wholesale Agents for Canada

46 Colborne Street, Toronto

8 Nordheimer Building, Montreal



The only Binding of

WEAR AND FIT

If you want a binding that will outwear all the others twice over, in three times as rich and handsome as any other, and will positively fit because it has the only "Natural Curve," then you will buy, and at a few cents more than the cheapest, short-lived binding price.

S. H. & M. BIAS BRUSH EDGE

S. H. & M. stamped on back of every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

The S. H. & M. Co., 24 Front St. W., Toronto, Ont.



Underwear

This changeable weather demands all fine wool.

JAEGER'S ensures this.

DEPOT 85 King Street West



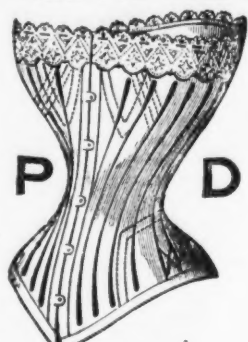
The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's
Baby's Own Soap makes young-
sters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins
in good order.
Made entirely from vege-
table fats, it is an emollient as
well as a cleanser, and is as
useful on a lady's toilet as in
the nursery.

Faintly but exquisitely aro-
matic.

Beware of imitations.

When You Wear a



P. D. Corset

you are satisfied, you look right,
you know you feel right

Superior in quality, fit and work-
manship. Tailor cut. Hand made.
All sizes and lengths to suit all
figures.

At nearly all Dry-goods stores
Any dealer can get them for you
\$1 to \$30 a pair.

A Well-Shaped Foot
Deserves Well-
shaped Footwear
We think we can prove
to you our ladies' \$2.00
Oxford is the best fitter,
the most sty-
lish and most
durable of any
\$2.00 shoe you
can buy.

H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge St.

The Trusts
AND **Guarantee**
COMPANY, LIMITED

Capital - - - \$2,000,000
EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, ETC.

OFFICES AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

14 King St. West, Toronto

President—J. R. STRATTON, M.P.P.

Chartered to act as Executor, Administra-
tor, Guardian, Trustee, etc. Agent for invest-
ment of moneys and management of estates.
Safe deposit boxes to rent. Will appointing
the Company executor or trustee held with
out charge.
Correspondence invited.

T. P. COFFEE, Manager

LADIES, PLEASE NOTICE

Free Lessons in Silk Work Messrs. Hem-
mingsway & Sons, the
large manufacturers of Art Embroidery Silks,
are giving free lessons in silk work at their
Canadian agency, 52 Bay street, Toronto.
Samples of some of the finest silk work in
America are on exhibition at their offices.
Phone 144. 52 Bay Street.

**The Dress
Isn't
Ruined**

Because it is
soiled.

We can take the
spot out, even if it is
grease or paint, and
return it to you look-
ing like new.

With extensive
equipment and expert
knowledge of the business, we do dyeing
and cleaning in any line.

R. PARKER & CO.
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto
787-791 Yonge Street 471 Queen St. West
201 Yonge Street 1267 Queen St. West
277 Queen Street East
Phones—3837, 3440, 2143, 1604, 5038.

**WHIRLWIND
CARPET
CLEANER**

CARPETS TAKEN UP,
CLEANED, AND RE-LAID.
Cor. Bloor and Manning
Avenues
Phone 5530 R. P. POWELL, Proprietor.

The Imperial.

"YES," said the man with
the crushed strawberry
complexion, as he took
his ginger whiskers of
the off side between fin-
ger and thumb and meditatively
trained them outward toward infinite
space. "Yes, it was the most remark-
able hotel I have ever seen. I went
there to find a friend, and as soon as
I got inside I staggered at the bril-
liancy of the idea which confronted
me. The eccentric proprietor, instead
of numbering his rooms in the ordi-
nary way, had given them the names
which are as the poet says, 'the
names of the victories of England.'"

"The working out of this idea was
interesting. When I had signed my
name in the book, the clerk said to
the porter, 'Here, take this gentle-
man's luggage to Vancouver.' So I
was transported to my room. As I
was crossing the hall I saw a boy
knocking at the door of Rhodesia
with what looked like a new Railway
Guide in his hand. The door of China
was wide open, and we took a short
cut through the room to the East
Wing.

"Having found my room, I return-
ed to the booking-clerk and inquired
for my friend. 'He's in the Soudan,'
said the clerk.

"No, I'm hanged if he is!" I said,
forgetting my surroundings for the
moment; 'he's here in this hotel, and
I want to see him.'

"The clerk looked at me pityingly,
and, turning to a porter, said, 'Just
run along to the Soudan and see if
Mr. — is in.' Then I came to my
bearings and took stock of what went
on at the booking-office while I wait-
ed.

"French gentleman in Fashoda
wants to leave, sir," said the bell-
boy, running up breathlessly.

"We shan't put any obstacle in
his way," drawled the proprietor, who
was standing near by.

"He says he's sorry he ever came,
sir," went on the boy; 'and the gent
in Egypt says he's real glad Mos-
so's goin', 'cos he sits hup 'arf the
night a-blowin' of the French horn.'

"Please, sir," said the lift-boy, with
a face that announced the end of the
world, 'the three gents in Samoa is
havin' a awful row. The German's
got the "boots" up to help him, and
the Yankee and Mr. Bull is givin' him
all they know. The room's in a heap
—better come up and see it, sir; it
looks more like a condominium than
anything else, sir.'

"Better give the German a
separate room," said the clerk.

"There's a window broke in Brit-
ish Columbia," gasped the chamber-
maid, 'and there ain't no towels in
'Ong Kong. An' the gentleman wot
came last night says 'e can't get no-
think to drink in Christmas Island.'

"He wants to be changed to Jamaica."

"My friend arrived at this juncture.
He informed me that he had been
having some quiet whiskey and whist
up in Klondike. How he got there
he didn't know, nor yet how he found
his way out again, and he looked as
if he was speaking the truth. They
put him in New Zealand first, he
said, but the prohibition party were
so strong there that he had difficulty
in getting any whiskey sent up, so
he asked them to change him across
the hall to British Guiana, and now
he was enjoying himself to such an
extent that he intended to stay on in-
definitely.

"Mine host showed me over the
place in the course of my stay, and
I marvelled at his fine Imperialism.
On one of the landings he pointed
through the open window to some
tumble-down buildings adjoining the
Asiatic wing, and remarked, 'I'm go-
ing to annex that block and pull it
all down as soon as the lease expires.'

"And what are you going to put up
in its place?" I asked.

"Well, I've already got the plans
for Northern Tartary and Central
Asia. You see, this part—'he pointed
to the door of Northern India—'is
somewhat exposed, so I'm going to
build on to it just as I built Afghan-
istan over there on to the Punjab
some years ago.'

"Then I went up to Vancouver to
have a wash and dress for dinner,
wondering at what I had seen, while
my Little Englandism oozed out of
my finger tips—truth! Solid fact!"

The man with the crushed straw-
berry complexion called for cham-
pagne to wash the remarkable story
down, and we all swallowed it.

The New Steamer Argyle.

It has too long been charged that
the passenger boats running out
from Toronto have not been nearly
as attractive to tourists and
pleasure seekers as those, for in-
stance, on Lake Erie. There has been a
most encouraging improvement, how-
ever, this season. The new steamer
Toronto has already been much written
about, and on Saturday last I went
down to the docks and took a look
over the new steamer Argyle, which
will run between Toronto and Alex-
andria Bay, taking in Charlotte, So-
dus Point, Oswego, Kingston and
Rockport on the way. It is a very
handsomely-appointed boat—elegantly
upholstered and fitted out. The state-
rooms have a size and comfort that
will agreeably surprise the old travel-
ler, while from the hurricane deck
down to the bar in the lower depths
everything is polished and first-class
in quality. The Argyle has evidently
been built to cater to a superior class
of pleasure seekers. The round trip

Waiting for Trouble.
Punch.



"Caution! This hill is dangerous!"

fare to Alexandria Bay will be \$5.50.
Mr. A. W. Hepburn is owner of the
boat, and her officers are—Captain,
George O'Brien, mate, T. Sullivan;
chief engineer, John Hazlit; purser,
Bernard Hepburn.

The Tragedy

"La Dame aux Camellias"—
I think that was the play;
The house was packed from pit to dome
With the gallant and the gay,
Who had come to see the tragedy,
And while the hours away.

There was the ruined spendthrift,
And beauty in her prime;
There was the grave historian,
And there the man of rhyme,
And the surly critic, front to front,
To see the play of crime.

And there was pompous Ignorance,
And Vice in flowers and lace;
Sir Croesus and Sir Pandarus,
And the music played apace.
But of that crowd I only saw
A single, single face.

That of a girl whom I had known
In the summers long ago,
When her breath was like the new-
mown hay.

Or the sweetest flowers that grow;
When her heart was light, and her soul
Was white
As the winter's driven snow.

And there she sat, with her great brown
eyes;
They wore a troubled look;
And I read the history of her life
As it were an open book.

And saw her soul, like a slimy thing,
In the bottom of a brook.
There she sat in her rustling silk,
With diamonds on her wrist,
And on her brow a gleaming thread
Of pearl and amethyst.

"A cheat, a gilded grief!" I said,
And my eyes were filled with mist.
I could not see the players play;
I heard the music moan;
It moaned like a dismal autumn wind
That dies in the woods alone;
And when it stopped I heard it still—
The mournful monotone!

What if the count were true or false?
I did not care, not I;
What if Camille for Armand died?
I did not see her die.

There sat a woman opposite,
With piteous lip and eye.
The great green curtain fell on all,
On laugh, and wine, and woe,
Just as death some day will fall
'Twixt us and life I know!

The play was done—the bitter play,
And the people turned to go.
And did they see the tragedy?
They saw the painted scene;
They saw Armand, the jealous fool,
And the sick Parisian queen;
But they did not see the tragedy—
The one I saw, I mean.

They did not see that cold-cut face,
That furtive look of care;
Or seeing her jewels, only said,
"The lady's rich and fair."

But I tell you it was the play of life,
And that woman played Despair!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A Child's Suffering.

Mr. Wm. McKay, Clifford, N.S., Tells
of His Daughter's Cure.

She Was First Attacked With Acute Rheu-
matism, Followed by St. Vitus' Dance
in a Severe Form—Her Parents Thought
She Could Not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N.S.
Wm. McKay, Esq., a well-known
and much-respected farmer and mill
man at Clifford, Lunenburg Co., N.S.,
relates the following wonderful cure
effected in his family by the use of
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills:—"About
three years ago my little daughter Ella,
then a child of ten years, was attack-
ed with acute rheumatism. It was a
terribly bad case; for over a month
she was confined to her bed, and dur-
ing most of the time was utterly
helpless, being unable to turn in bed,
or in fact to move at all without help.
She could not even hold anything in
her hand. All power or use of her
limbs had entirely gone, and the pain
she suffered was fearful. By constant
attention, after a month or so she be-
gan to gain a little strength, and after

The Famous Goose of Quebec.

THIS goose made its first ap-
pearance near Quebec over
fifty years ago, when some
British troops had been
sent out to put down a
rebellion of the colonists.

A certain farm in the neighborhood,
suspected of being a resort for the in-
surgents, was surrounded by sentries
placed at some distance apart; and
one day the sentry whose post was
near the gate of the farm heard a
singular noise. A fine, plump goose
soon appeared on the run, making di-
rectly for the spot where the soldier
stood; and close behind in pursuit
came a hungry fox.

The sentry's first impulse was to
shoot the thievish animal and rescue
the goose; but since the noise of the
report would have brought out the
guard on a false alarm, he was
obliged to deny himself this satisfac-
tion.

The fox was gaining on his intended
prey, when the goose, in a frantic
attempt to reach the sentry-box, ran
his head and neck between the sol-
dier's legs just as the pursuer was
on the point of seizing it. Fortu-
nately, the guard could use his bayonet
without making a disturbance, and
he did this to such good advantage
that the pursuit was soon ended.

The rescued goose, evidently animat-
ed by the liveliest gratitude, rubbed
its head against its deliverer's legs,

IT'S ANNOYING

To find that the last tea you bought was not as good as usual.

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

IS ALWAYS THE SAME.

Lead packages.

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts.

Iron and Brass Beds

We have the finest selection of Plain and Fancy Beds
in the city.

Our Brass Beds are all best English make. We
are direct importers and sole agents for two of the lead-
ing English makers. Prices always the lowest.

Schomberg Furniture Co.

651-653
YONGE ST

OFFENDERS BEWARE

CRIMINAL CONVICTIONS have recently been ob-
tained against several parties in Montreal and Toronto for
filling their compound into LEA & PERRINS' Sauce bottles.

MESSRS. LEA & PERRINS have determined to
proceed vigorously against all such offenders. The public
should do their share in stopping this imposition by demand-
ing the

"Genuine Article"



THE
DOMINION BREWERY CO.

LIMITED

BREWERS AND MALSTERS

Manufacturers of
the Celebrated

WHITE LABEL
JUBILEE and
INDIA PALE... **ALES**

The above brands are the genuine extract of
Malt and Hops.



MAYPOLE SOAP

Dyes any Material
Dyes any Colour.

This little girl
With stockings white
Danced so gaily
From morn' till night

White got so dirty
What did she do
Dyed them with MAYPOLE
A different hue.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

and performed various other joyful
and kitten-like antics. Then, delib-
erately taking up his residence at the
garrison post, it walked up and down
with the sentry while he was on duty,
and thus accompanied each successive
sentry who appeared to patrol that
beat.

About two months later the goose
actually saved the life of its particu-
lar friend in a very remarkable way.
The soldier was again on duty at the
same place; and on a moonlight night,
when the moon was frequently obscur-
ed by passing clouds, the enemy had
formed a plan to surprise and
kill him. His feathered devotee
was beside him, as usual, while
he paced his lonely beat, chal-
lenging at every sound, and then
"standing at ease" before his sentry-
box. The goose always stood at ease,
too, and it made a very comical pic-
ture.

But some undesirable spectators—at
least, of the soldier's movements—
were stealing cautiously toward the
place, under cover of the frequent
clouds and a line of stunted pine
trees. Nearer and nearer to the post
they crawled, till one of them, with
uplifted knife, was about to spring on
the unsuspecting man.

Then it was that the watchful goose
covered itself with glory by rising un-
expectedly from the ground and flap-
ping its wings in the faces of the
would-be assassins. They rushed
blindly forward; but the sentry suc-
ceeded in shooting one of the party
and bayoneting another, while the
goose continued to worry and con-
fuse the remainder until they fled
wildly for their lives.—St. Nicholas.

The Tea Question.

It just amounts to this, my friends.
Ceylon teas are good teas—pure teas,
healthful teas, with flavor and cup
qualities equalled by no other teas in
the wide, wide world. The very best
of all these is "Salada" Ceylon Tea,
sold only in sealed lead packets. Just
take a small packet home to-day and
prove its character in your own tea
pot.

It is useless to talk about cycling
to the person who has had a machine
only a week—he knows it all.

Mother—Ah, now you're a little
man, Fred (in trousers for the first
time)—And now, ma, can't I call
father Harry?

Molly—Jack stole something from
under my nose while we were down
at the shore looking at those fishing-
boats. Dolly—What was it—a little
smack?

Papa—I hear you were a bad girl
to-day and had to be spanked. Small
daughter—Mamma is awful strict. If
I'd known she used to be a school
teacher, I'd a told you not to marry
her.

A.—It is when a man is in trouble
he knows the value of a wife. B.—
Yes; he can put all his property in
her name.

Mr. Wedd (spitefully)—You look as
if you had been rubbing your face all
over the inside of a powder factory.
Mrs. Wedd (sweetly malicious)—Per-
haps I have, love; but it is smokeless
powder and doesn't smell like a bar-
room.—Judge.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE (Business Office) No. 1709
(Editorial Rooms) No. 1709

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 12 TORONTO, JULY 1, 1899. [No. 33]

Vacation Rates

If you are going on a holiday have your SATURDAY NIGHT sent after you. Your newsdealer will do it, or address this office.

To Canada or United States addresses, per month 20c.

To Great Britain or foreign, per month 25c.

Sporting Comment.

THE Toronto Telegram published a very sensible little editorial the other day in which it said: "The treatment which bicyclists occasionally receive at the hands of infuriated persons whom they may have ridden down, is not calculated to popularize the exercise of making explanations and apologies." Although it is both unmanly and cowardly to ride away from an accident, yet it is perhaps not unnatural for the bicyclist to do so when he knows that he was not to blame—especially after he has once stood his ground and tried to do the polite and courteous thing. I have ridden a wheel for some years in Toronto and have never had an accident yet, but I have seen scores of them and I desire to ask: Who ever saw a bicyclist stand his ground after an accident without incurring the most violent abuse? Last summer in Exhibition Park I saw two wheels collide—one ridden by a man of very distinguished appearance and the other by a well bred boy. The boy was on the right side of the road, going at a moderate pace, and tried his best to avoid a collision, but the man of distinguished appearance was going rapidly on the wrong side of the drive and looking into the face of a friend who rode beside him. The boy and the man were thrown, and the man's wheel closed up like a concertina. The boy jumped up and instead of making off, and conscious of innocence, ran to assist the man—picked up his hat and his wheel and said: "I am very sorry, but I tried to get out of your way, sir." The youngster also expressed a hope that the man was not hurt, and altogether acted in a way that would have filled his mother with pride. The man, remember, was an educated person, of fine appearance and perfectly sober, and he was unmistakably, flagrantly in the wrong and responsible for the accident, yet he turned on the boy and abused him without measure: "You're very sorry, are you? You young whelp! I ought to wring your neck—that's what I ought to do. Look at that wheel—you confounded young blackguard. I've only had the wheel a couple of weeks—and look at it! My hands are torn, too," and he held them up and looked at his right knee where his trousers were torn. "I've a good mind to cuff your ears," he said, moving at the boy, who was red in the face. "There ought to be a policeman here to watch you young cubs." I was among those who had gathered around, and when he appealed to us to know if there was not a policeman about to arrest the "young cub," I said as quietly as possible that I had witnessed the whole thing and was compelled to say—as he had appealed to me—that he was entirely to blame because he was riding on the wrong side of the street, around a curve, riding rapidly and looking not ahead, but sideways at his friend. Then he, smarting from sore hands and a sore knee and with a wrecked wheel to carry home, abused me as being probably a relative of the young whelp, and when the other bystanders backed me up he limped away saying that he would see the Mayor in the morning and have the Exhibition Park cleared of such characters. I had no interest in the matter at all, having never seen man or boy before nor since. It seems clear enough that sense entirely leaves a person in the shock of an accident.

On Queen street one day last week I saw a bicyclist try to dodge a four-year-old boy who ran across the street where vehicles

and wheels were moving in numbers. A wheelman tried to avoid the boy as he dodged a horse, but could not do it, and the youngster went head first into the frame between the wheels and above the sprocket. By throwing himself sideways quickly and getting his right toe on the ground, and thus hopping along while he stopped his wheel, the bicyclist managed, with an adroitness that compelled my liveliest admiration, to keep the youngster from bumping his head on the ground. On getting his wheel stopped he picked up the howling child, and, leaving his wheel in the road, carried the little one to the sidewalk, where a savage female clutched it and began jawing the bicyclist, who had behaved most handsomely. He recovered his wheel and went back to the virago, who would not listen to a word and who was now joined by a man who clearly wanted to assault the wheelman. The latter soon jumped on his wheel and rode angrily away. I had dismounted, and saw and heard it all, and more unjust treatment was never accorded a considerate person than that wheelman received. Instead of abusing him, those parents should have thanked God that he was there instead of some other person less quick of mind and muscle. To let the child run loose among the dangers of such a street at such an hour was criminal negligence. I have seen many such accidents, and agree with the Telegram when it says that bicyclists have received very little encouragement to remain on the scenes of accidents in which they bear a part. Yet I hold that, encouraged or not, they should stand their ground, and in time better views will prevail.

J. M. Laing, who has to his credit some of the best performances with bat and ball in the history of Canadian cricket, added another century to his list on Saturday last, when, playing for Toronto-Rosedale against Parkdale, he batted up 117 not out. The game was played on a perfect wicket—if such wickets

were common we might in time produce cricketers who would be able to hold their own with Australian and English eleven. W. H. Cooper and J. L. Counsell had been sharply caught in the slips for small scores, W. J. McMurtry had been run out for 23, when J. M. Laing joined P. C. Goldingham at the wickets. These two made a splendid stand. Laing's innings was marred by a couple of chances given before he settled down to work, but after his score had reached 30 he batted as no other local player can bat. As his score mounted up, the force, frequency and variety of his strokes increased—twice he put the ball over the grand-stand, where it very seldom goes. Goldingham batted perfectly, scoring 30 without giving a chance, and was caught at last on the boundary. These two men put on 235 runs in all. The innings was presently closed for a total of 256 for a loss of 4 wickets. The tired Parkdallians were then sent to bat, and played out time, getting 32 for 6 wickets. A. G. Chambers, the mainstay of the eleven, was disposed of by a fine catch of Counsell's—indeed, two catches made by this player and the gathering in of a sky-rocket by Cooper, after running twenty-five yards along the boundary, were features of the game. The lesson of the match was that a good wicket is absolutely necessary in cricket.

Mr. W. H. Grenfell, a well known English sportsman, has just returned home from a fishing trip to the Gulf of Mexico,



where he caught a giant tarpon weighing 182 lbs. and measuring 7 feet 2 inches in length. He caught this fish on May 3 with an ordinary seven-foot rod and a thin salmon line, after playing it for an hour. It was a great battle, and only Mr.

Grenfell's great skill enabled him to win with such light tackle. It is claimed that this is the largest fish ever caught with rod and line, and the picture here given is reproduced from a photograph.

One of the Toronto papers, in speaking of the visit of the Toronto Rod and Gun Club to Lake Simcoe, stated that the total catch was about one thousand muskallonge. Somebody should be jailed for this—either the fishermen who caught the fish, or the reporter or proofreader whose carelessness caused them to be accused of such slaughter.

Sportsmen in England, Canada and the United States are organizing the Lake St. John, Limited, Privileged Club, says the Chicago Tribune, which, if its ambitious plans are carried out, will soon control the greatest game preserves in the world. Already the club has the exclusive right to fish and hunt in 30,000 square miles of land lying around the St. John Lake, and it is negotiating for two more tracts, each 1,000 square miles in extent, which will be stocked with moose, red-deer and caribou. The entrance-fee to the club is \$500.

THE UMPIRE.

Domestic Amenities.

WIFE: "You will not buy that sealskin sacque!" reproachfully she cried.
"You cruel, cruel man! I wish that I had died."
KRE: I had lived to see the change so short a time has wrought.
In you, who swore I was so dear that I should want for nothing:
Who called me your fair jewel, and your tender milk white rose,
A blossom you would cherish, and forever guard from woes!
Alas, that I should live to see your love grow cold and perish:
To see the blossom on your nose the only one you cherish!"

HUSBY: You say I am a cruel man; that statement is a bold one.
You want a sacque, and wish to die; then why not die your old one?
The cheeks I loved, with dainty blush, were like a crimson rose;
'Tis now my turn to blush, that's why you see it in my nose.
I called you dear, and find you cost too much to suit my taste;
While roses, and flours, and jewels, too, are very often paste.
I called you a white flower, and I will not take it back.
But I never once suspected that the flour would need a sack!"
Ottawa, June 30. E. T. B. GILLMORE.

On the Links.

NCE more, and for the second year in succession, Miss Elsie Cassatt has won the championship of the Women's Golfing Association of Philadelphia. Last week, on the links of the Huntington Valley Country Club, she played Mrs. W. M. Gorham in the final round of the tournament and defeated her by four up and three to play. Those who were present say she played brilliant golf, making a new woman's record of 51 for the course.

A few years ago nearly all the golf clubs used on this side of the ocean were brought over from England or Scotland. The tables, seemingly, are turned, and within the last two months over twenty thousand have been shipped from the United States to England.

The International match between Canada and the United States will come off on the Morris County Links on October 7.

In speaking of the British Ladies' Golf Championship, which was concluded on May 12, at Newcastle, County Down, and which went to Miss M. Hazlet, of the Royal Portrush Club, a recent report says: "The new champion appears to be a sturdy schoolgirl with short skirts and flowing hair. At last the British lady players are led by a young golfer who will not be out of her teens for some years to come."

There were no important matches at any of the links in the city last week except one foursome, which kept the Rosedale ladies busy for several days. A prize of a dozen balls was offered by a member who preferred to remain unknown. Mrs. Jackson and Miss Green-shields worked up to the finals, and in the last round defeated Mrs. Vere Brown and Mrs. Stanger rather easily.

One of the most interesting and exhaustive works given to golfers for some time has just been completed by Horace Hutchinson. He writes with a master hand, taking the game from almost every point of view. Assisting him were Miss Pascoe of English fame, H. H. Hilton, J. H. Taylor and H. J. Whigham.

A match which promises to be of interest has been arranged for July 15. A team of fifteen from the Buffalo club on come over and play the Toronto club on

the latter's links. Which will win is a matter for speculation. Both teams have some strong players and the event is likely to be an interesting and a close one. Mr. G. S. Lyon, who has been devoting himself almost entirely to cricket in the past few weeks, will take up his clubs again in the interest of Toronto golfers, and as he is generally up to his game, whether he has been practicing or not, the Buffalo men will have to bring a pretty good player to match him. The event will have something of an international flavor to spur both teams to their best.

The handicap contest for the Osler trophy, which has been going on at the Toronto club, has narrowed down to the finals, and rests between Mr. R. D. Gamble and Mr. C. Moss. As the latter plays Mr. Gamble about an even game without any handicap, and gets six from his opponent in the eventual round, he stands a very fair chance of winning. The result will be decided either this afternoon or within the next few days.

The tournament for the Canadian championship will come off at Ottawa this year. Anyone wishing a programme of the events or any other particulars may obtain them from Mr. A. Z. Palmer, Ottawa, secretary of the Royal Canadian Golf Association.

HAZARD.

Where Injustice Comes In.

YOU see it was this way. She had too much love of justice. Before she got that way we were awfully good friends and I used to tell her all my little scrapes and foolish thoughts, and she, being my teacher, wisely entered into my moods, while I was just as quick to sympathize with her deeper thoughts and feelings, although I couldn't very well understand them. But she began to get strict and look severe. One day I told her some lie that was just meant to jolly her, and she saw through it the wrong way and then she "called me down" in sharp words, rather bitter ones, too. I was horribly surprised—it seemed to make me feel rather sick, don't you know, but she confided a whole lot of things to me that evening and the sick feeling gradually went away. But somehow I couldn't tell her anything for quite a long time. Finally, however, I told her about a rule I had transgressed with impunity, and what do you suppose she insisted on my doing? She spoke so reprovingly and sternly about it that she got me to actually tell on myself to the principal. It nearly robbed me of a year's growth to do so, but the principal smiled benignly on me as I stood there before him with red eyes and cheeks, and patted me on the head and said he would have done the same thing himself, till I wanted to hug him. I never broke any rules again without telling him, because he was so jolly about it; he was the only one in the school who said my compositions were interesting too, so of course I just loved him.

Well, she soon forgot about my wickedness and was friendly with me again. I was just the same outwardly, but inside of me, I had lost all taste for the confidences and I used to jolly her when she got too lugubrious; but she didn't notice. I had promised her not to do something or other (I forget now what it was), but I immediately went and did it and was speedily overtaken by remorse. I told her of my disobedience and asked her to forgive me. Do you suppose she did? Well, she said she would forgive me, but that I must learn the consequences of disobedience, and in punishment she set me a long task. I turned away from her quickly and tramped upstairs in such a storm of indignation that it nearly choked me. I finished the penance work by midnight and then cried for an hour, then omitted my prayers and went to bed. I had a good mind to pray that I should not grow up to love justice, but was too easily scared by my conscience then.

A few days later she asked me why I never visited her any more, and she wanted to know if I had been up to any more mischief; she actually wanted me to tell her some more things! She was very pleasant in her manner and offered me some tea, but I sat and joked and talked frivolous stuff and refused to be serious. It bothered her, then she reminded me that life was not a joke. She tried to change me back into the girl I used to be, but I was firmly fixed in my mood. At last she tried tears and reproach. I just cleared my throat once and blurted out: "I hate you. You have been as mean to me as a person could be and yet you want to stay friends with me, but I won't. If you want to constitute yourself the judge and jury of my daily life you can, because you are a teacher, but you can't serve justice and friendship both in one breath. I am glad to make you feel heart-sick. You've made me feel that way so much. But I wouldn't do it if I thought you deserved it. I like to do it because it's really mean of me to talk like this to you, so there." When I was through I rushed out of her room, pretty scared at my boldness but rather jubilant too.

For a few days she went about looking

rather meek, but she soon began to take it out of me in severity. Towards Christmas, though, she got lonesome, and so she came back to me in penitence. She is so everlastingly meek now, that I had to make up with her all new, you see, so it doesn't matter if I tell you about the other. The other woman is really dead, you know.

Jr.

Why Sam Was Out.

I RAN a newspaper once at the county seat of a backwoods Pennsylvania county," said Col. Jim Ball of Potter county, to a New York Sun reporter, "and one day I started out among my patrons in the outlying townships on a collecting tour. In the course of the day I came to a clearing to which I had been directed as the domicile of one Samuel Ricketts, to whom I was anxious to present my autograph at the bottom of a receipt for \$2.25. I knocked at the door of the Ricketts residence, and by and by a sharp-faced woman, with snappy eyes and her sleeves rolled above her elbows, responded to the knock.

"Does Mr. Ricketts live here?" I asked.
"Sam Ricketts?" snapped the woman, who, I rightly guessed, was Mrs. Ricketts.
"Yes, ma'am," I replied.
"He has the name o' livin' here," said Mrs. Ricketts, with fine scorn, "but that's darn little life in him!"

"I pretended not to notice the irony of my patron's amiable helpmeet, and assumed anxiety.
"He isn't sick, is he?" I asked.
"No," replied Mrs. Ricketts, "he ain't sick."
"Is he in?" I enquired.
"No, he ain't in!" was the answer.
"Is he about the place?" I asked.
"Yes, he's about the place!" said Mrs. Ricketts. "The last I seen of him he was 'listin' hisself up the ladder to the hay-mow, a little faster than I've see him move in a coon's age, and he's scroochin' in one corner of the mow now, I shouldn't wonder."

"Will he be back to the house soon?" I asked.
"Meanin' this afternoon?" said my patron's wife.
"Oh, yes! Certainly!" I replied.
"No, he won't!" exclaimed Mrs. Ricketts with a positiveness that satisfied me, that, although the deed for that clearing might be in the name of Samuel Ricketts, he wasn't the boss of it. I stood a moment undecided what to say or do next, when Mrs. Ricketts snapped out:

"Would you want to know why Sam Ricketts won't be here soon?"
"I said that I would."

"Well," said she, "Sam Ricketts had the snootinist, sneekinist, humilist old yaller houn' that ever licked a platter, and I got sick an' tired o' kickin' it out o' doors. I hate dogs wuss'n p'ison, anyhow, 'ticklely houn' dogs, an' so I up an' told Sam Ricketts this mornin' that if he didn't take that houn' off an' sell it or give it away I'd knock it in the head, an' him, too, maybe. So Sam! he took the dog away, and 'long about an' hour ago he come back. An' what do you think he had done? He had traded that dog off fer two darn straddlin' coon dog pups and fetched 'em home! That's the reason Sam Ricketts hustled up that ladder to the haymow so sudden and pulled the ladder up after him. And that's the reason why he won't be back soon. He won't be back till after I'm gone to bed and asleep to-night. Sam Ricketts won't, and you can bet yer boots on it!"

"I didn't see any point in waiting to see Samuel Ricketts, and I heard, a month or so later, that he was wondering what in thunder that editor stopped his paper for."

They Bet a Dinner On It.

AS was stated in an article in this paper last week, the great rage in Paris just now is betting dinners on every conceivable pretext. Several unique bets were mentioned last week, and here is the story of another. Two men on the Paris boulevard perceived quietly sitting at the foot of a table in front of a cafe an enormous dog, with a head, teeth, and claws that would have done credit to a lion.

"Well," said one of them, "the owner of that creature need be afraid of nobody with such a protector."
"What, that dog!" said the other.
"Why, he wouldn't move a paw."

The dispute grew warm, and the first speaker emphatically declared:

"I bet a dinner that you won't venture to touch its master!"

"Not venture, indeed! You shall soon see!" was the quick rejoinder.

So saying, the latter dealt a box on the ears of a gentleman who was drinking a glass of beer at the table where the dog sat.

The gentleman uttered a loud cry and rushed upon his assailant; the dog remained impassive. An explanation followed, and the injured gentleman was informed of the wager in question.

"But the dog isn't mine," he howled, in a tremendous passion.

An hour later, however, you might have observed through the windows of a famous restaurant a little distance away three jovial guests sitting before a sumptuously spread table, and discussing the merits of several bottles of old wine. They were the bettors and their victim.



THE prevalence with which a cheerful fracture of the ninth commandment is practiced in society has led to the adoption of a popular notion that insincerity is the rotten foundation upon which rests the whole social structure. Insecurity does not appeal to the objectors to social gatherings, nor does the twanging of the tuneless liar seem as music in their ears. Many of the tirades one used to hear were directed against the hollowness of friendship; nowadays one takes friendship as one buys a drum, knowing it to be hollow by the noise of its profession. That many of the flowers which bloom in the parterre of society have no roots, does not disturb the peace of the persons who admire them. A bouquet is what one buys—it fades—what of it? No one quarrels with a want of root. That is the affair of a plant. But all these acknowledged frauds, compromises, hollows, are not what one dignifies as sins. They are the paper currency, to redeem which would only break the bank and disturb social harmony. "One dollar" is stamped upon a scrap of paper, and it's as useful as the shining bit of gold. In the same pleasant supposition one must take for their assumed value many worthless society impositions. To question and discuss their value is to be tiresome, to be cast out!

But the social sin of lying has plenty of scope without touching all of these harmless trifles. There is the bombastic lie, which one tells of achievements, connections, acquaintances, honors, happenings, for the aggrandizement of oneself or one's friend. So long as it imposes artistically upon the world no one denies its value. The disastrous part of it is that, sooner or later, the liar of the bombastic lie becomes notorious, being unmasked and discovered to be only the braying ass, in place of the roaring lion. The bombastic lie is a foolish sin.

There is the malicious lie—referring to the seamy side of one's neighbor's coat of righteousness. All it needs is a mysterious pretense of unwillingness and a portent of details concealed. Imagination, working upon the malicious lie, fills out its scant assertion into a red-hot blaze of wickedness in the mind of the hearer, and the vile whisper, barbed with venom and speeded by hate, poisons the life of its unfortunate subject. The malicious lie has upset a government, broken up a club, estranged a family and driven many a tortured creature to self-inflicted death.

There is a lie which is always applauded, some curious subversion of ideas upsetting the standard of right and wrong sufficiently to make dishonor and honor change places. This is the lie which a man must tell, if the shielding of a woman's reputation exacts it. The world is at one on this question. That particular lie is good! It evokes applause on the stage, it is eminently the thing for such crises in real life. The lie that clears ever such a fool-woman, must be told by ever such a fine man, and he tells it docilely; the finer the man the surer he is to lie exuberantly.

There is a lie which I hesitate to mention, which no man tells when he is sober, and which never suggests itself to even the semblance of a gentleman at the climax of ever so warm an argle. That is the lie about his successes with women. There are shoals of creatures who tell this lie, taking for their prey some thoughtless, unconventional, excitable or mayhap frail woman, and making to themselves false conquests, at her expense. The man, or the thing, who really succeeds, has the quality of caution and the coolness of mind in sufficient quantity to shut his mouth about it. But there are scores who fail, and in their anger or wounded self-love, lie to console themselves, and of all social lies this is the most condemnable.

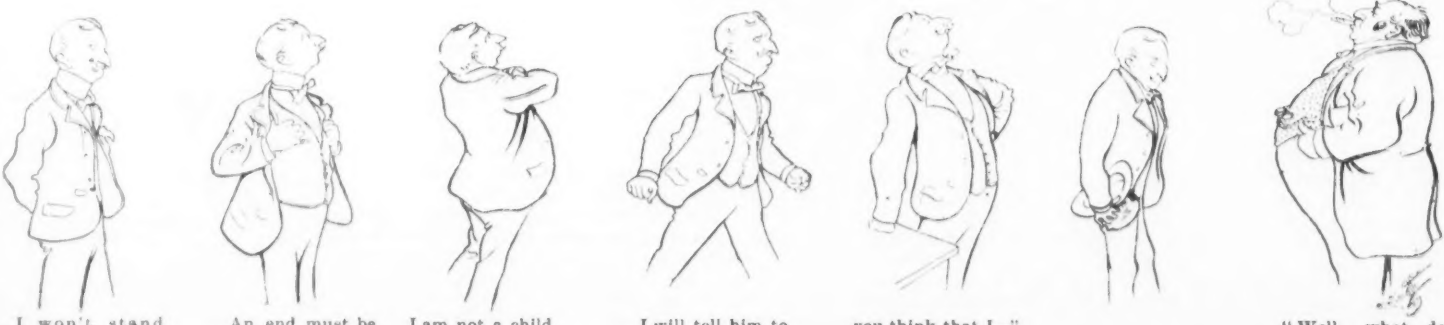
Hordes of trivial lies fly about wherever there are social jealousies, competition, excited ambitions and mortified failures. To know one rival's weak point is good, to lie to invent one is not so bad. To cover one's own disaster one must employ all sorts of lies.

Apart from all these explainable, almost at times necessary lies, there is a vast lot of what I might call gratuitous lying. The business of lying, taken at its best, is a tiresome, exacting and cumulative load of perverseness; the liar is one of the hardest worked and poorest paid of laborers. And yet, so infinitely stolid is society that it frequently starts off on a perfectly unnecessary and inconsequent career of falsehood, piling up lies and bending under their burden, when the corresponding truth could be borne in one loose hand. A woman will lie about her gowns, her accomplishments, her occupations, her income, her feelings, her faults—one hears it every hour of the day, and the lies are told to persons neither impressed nor even interested in their recital. A man will lie about his weight, his business, his achievements, his sports, his experiences, his family, his possessions, and no one takes him by the neck and says, "Thou fool!" The wise man said in his haste, "All men are liars." Consideration and leisure force us to add, "Yes, and all women." Ko-Ko.

Mr. Peck—By jing! I had a funny dream last night. It seemed that I was away off in South Africa, where diamonds were lying all around me in heaps. Mrs. Peck: Did you seem to see any as small as the one in the engagement ring you gave me?—Chicago News.

A Physiognomical Study.

Fliegende Blaetter.



I won't stand that treatment any longer.

An end must be put to this.

I am not a child.

I will tell him to his face. "Sir," I will say, "if

you think that I—"

Manager (entering suddenly)—

"Well, what do you want?"

BELATED.

"FOR you, sir," said the night clerk. Wyndham took the telegram irreflexively. At no time had he been looking for business; and at such a time as this, a time of pleasure and the pursuit of it, he hated its intrusion. Yet this message caused him, if only for a moment, a new sensation. He had supposed it to be of the regulation cut-and-dried business sort: Jones & Co. offered so and so, and the market was thus and thus; should they accept? As if Harding did not know more than any one else about such things! He had not thought that the message could be from her. So he stared and frowned as he read:

"Come home. I need you. LAURA."

What on earth could his wife need him for? If there were any business that required the skilled brain of a man to compass, Harding could and would attend to it. He had told Harding to 'phone and see his wife now and then, and do what business might be required to be done for her in connection with the larger necessities of the household.

"Any answer?" said the clerk. It was a warm night. The clerk pressed a silk handkerchief to his moist temples. The boy who had brought the message, stood by, white-faced and yawning. Like the clerk, he had just come on duty, and was not yet vitally awake.

Yes, he would send an answer, and he wrote it standing there, an answer curt as his humor and brief as his patience. "See Harding. He will do anything." He did not sign even an initial. He tore the sheet from the pad with the splendid consciousness of having summarily over-written an obstacle; and he folded the sheet and sealed the cover with the needless vigor of a strong hand and dogmatic will.

Then he lit a cigar and impatiently waited for train-time; giving an angry glance now and again at the slow-moving pendulum of the large office clock.

"Want us to forward any mail?" remarked the clerk.

"Hold it!" said Wyndham.

"How about telegrams?" said the clerk, unperturbed.

"Hold them! At any rate, until I send you one."

"We won't accept them," said the clerk in the same serene key.

"All right!" retorted Wyndham, glaring. It occurred to him that the clerk, who knew all things and the movements of all men, had divined his destination.

It came to train-time at last; and at last, sick of the hot smoking compartment, and tired of the talk of the men there, he turned into his berth; having shortened the night there by as much as it had been in his power to endure in an atmosphere heavy with cigar-smoke, and the shop-talk and broad stories of half a dozen perspiring men.

It was breakfast-time and a fine morning when he reached the Coast Hotel, five hundred miles south. He had slept well after all; for the sea air had been sedative and his berth a good one. So, good-humored and hungry and vigorous, he scanned the registered names eagerly for her name ere he wrote his own.

Yes, she was here; at breakfast, the portly clerk said politely; and he passed on to the dining-room, a large and cool chamber, and at the farther end he saw her—golden-haired and blue-eyed, pink and white and voluptuous, serene and smiling, with the eyes of a score of men upon her.

"So you came—at last," she said, as she gave him her soft fingers.

"It has seemed 'at last'!" he answered.

"It was the longest waking night I ever put in; and added to that, only a chance of finding you here."

"And hasn't the chance justified the journey?"

"You are radiant!"

"And you look fresh enough after a long waking night! You flatter! You slept like your very conscience!"

"And even that dreams of you!"

"Do you know, I thought—no, not feared—that you would, after all, go home."

"Have you never realized what a siren you are, here by your native blue element? I am farther from home than ever now."

"Perhaps you are, by distance. But distance lends enchantment."

"A fallacy, Florence! It is nearness that lends enchantment, and I am here to prove it—by remaining."

"If she should write?"

"A remote contingency. She telegraphed."

"Ah!"

"To say: 'All's well. Enjoy yourselves.'"

"What a diviner! So she presupposed a flirtation?"

"She knows I don't revel in my own society."

"By the experience of her own! Well, I know that, too, but inversely." So they rose, laughing, from the table, and passed, in excellent humor each with the other, to the broad veranda overlooking the blue sea.

II.

ON the point of starting for a drive, three mornings later, Wyndham had a telegram placed in his hand. He muttered his annoyance as he took it from the colored bell-boy. Then on a sudden he checked his impatient speech, and the watchful youth who stood at attention saw the tall and handsome gentleman from the North grow pale through his tan.

The tall gentleman crushed the yellow paper in his hand. "Your wife in great danger. Come at once. Janet." Since Janet had taken upon herself to telegraph to him in that imperative mood, it must have been because his wife was unable to write; that she was ill; that she had been ill. Why had she not plainly said so in that first message? He would have gone at once had he known, as he would go now.

He straightened the crumpled paper and re-read this second message. It was two days old, belated, and must have reached his last hotel a day after his departure. Then he turned swiftly toward the railway counter. The bell-boy, polite but ubiquitous, was at his elbow again. The horses were at the door, Wyndham was informed, and Miss Lester was in the parlor.

"I shan't drive this morning!" he said. "Have the horses sent back!" Nor would he see her, he said to himself. The conscience that asleep had dreamed of her, now awakened called for his wife. Miss Lester might think and say what she pleased. What she might think would very likely father what she would say. He was quite done with the blonde Florence; and in this sudden revolution of sentiment, raised by five plain English words, he inwardly reviled her.

As if it had been scheduled for some individual contingency, such as he now experienced, there was a through fast train tabled to leave in ten minutes. He could catch it by fast driving, and did, and in ten minutes was speeding north in a limited express.

The day dragged. He sent a wire that morning to Janet, bidding her reply; but there came no reply, and his heart was in a tumult.

He had never cared, to his superficial knowledge, in the past five years so much for his wife as he seemed to care now. If he should be too late? . . . He had a thousand sweet memories of his wife, but they turned to bitterness for him even as they came. These involuntary recollections swept like a tide upon him, crowing him over the unstable beach of self-concomitment to the steep wall of self-conviction from which there was no escape.

Indeed, he could see nothing but Laura's face, and when that evening, at dusk, they flashed by a south-bound train and he caught a glimpse of a woman's face in the last car, it seemed to him that it was hers, and he started up with almost a cry. Yes, he had been very eager to go alone upon this holiday, but he had never been so anxious for home as now.

The sun was high on that early summer morning when the long journey came to an end, but only the toilers of the city had awakened to another day. The avenues were flecked with sunshine, but very still as he drove swiftly toward his home.

Well, thank God, there was his house at last! He had scarcely dared to look. But now—thank God again! the windows gave no sign that he had come too late. So he thought it strange that everything there was as if asleep; that no face appeared at the window, and that he had to let himself in by his latch-key. But he drew a long breath of relief at this, and smiled at his dim reflection, haggard and unshaven, in the hall-glass as he stepped quietly over the polished floor. Then he saw that Janet, in her night-gown, was peering at him from over the balustrade.

"Is—she out of danger?" he whispered, pausing on the first stair.

It seemed to him that his housekeeper smiled—a grim smile that made him go two steps higher and stand staring upward, incredulous.

"Didn't you understand?" she said; and her voice, unexpressed, seemed loud in the breathless quiet of the house. "She said she'd telegraphed, and I thought you knew."

"What in God's name do you mean?" Wyndham demanded, and ran swiftly up the broad stairs. "Is my wife not ill? Your message said she was in great danger."

His housekeeper neither flushed nor flinched before his angry stare, but looked him squarely in the face.

"No, she wasn't ill," she said slowly.

"It was Mr. Harding was the danger, and she's gone away—with him."

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Ottawa, June, '99.

Nevada Kid's Little Joke.

IF I ever tell you 'bout that tenderfoot that joined the "Diamond F" outfit last beef round-up? Well, say, he was a holy terror! It come about this way: Our wagons was at Cherry Coulee; we was just after having dinner, and the boss, old Rowe, was going round like a bear with a sore head, bullying at everybody and everything. This was because two of our top-hands had got huffy and pulled out that morning; consequently some of the boys was beginning to kick most outrageous at the thought of having to do extra night herd work.

Cherry Coulee ain't far from town, and we used often to have people come out to look at our outfit when we was camped near town; so when we seen a duds-looking fellow with a "Christy-stiff" hat and a stand-up collar come a-walking towards the wagons we just supposed he was another of them Eastern tourists who was nosing around, and we didn't pay any attention to him. But he walks up to the cook, who was monkeying around the fire, and says he:

"Mister, which of you might be the boss here?"

The cook just pointed at Rowe, and the dude walks up to him and says quite pleasantly:

"I heard in town this morning that you wanted a man, so I thought I would come out and get the job."

Rowe looked at his "Christy-stiff" hat, his stuck-up collar, his silk tie, his boiled shirt, and his pretty clothes, and then he says, quite slowly:

"And what kind of a job might you be looking for?"

"Why, punching cows, of course," said the stranger.

"Yes," says Rowe. "And what do you know about cow-punching, and where

might you have punched cows?"

"Down in Missouri," says he, still smiling most pleasant.

Now, perhaps you don't know it, but there ain't no cow-punching in Missouri, in fact that same place is pretty much of a hayseed State, and a regular nesting-place for greenhorns and tenderfoots; so when the dude said he came from Missouri, Rowe kind of looked at him and said:

"And what outfit might you have worked for down there?"

"Well, I worked for my pap," says he.

"Pap had high on to twenty cows and I had to drive them down to the pond to water; pap used to ride the old bay and I used to ride Molly; sometimes I'd ride Jim, the mule. Oh, I've had quite a lot of riding, I can tell you. Maw said I could ride well."

"That so?" said Rowe. "Well, I guess I haven't got no job for you."

"What?" says the dude, looking mighty surprised. "Perhaps you think I can't ride good enough?"

"And that's no lie," said Rowe, who was getting a bit tired of him.

"Oh, but hold on!" says Mr. "Christy-stiff." "You haven't seen me ride. Give me a show; I'm pretty hard up and I want a job."

"Look here," said Rowe. "You want a show and I'll give you one. You ride that bald-faced bronc over there, and if he doesn't chuck you I'll take you on, and what's more, I'll give you top wages."

Now, this same bronc was a regular outlaw and man-killer, and there wasn't a puncher in the outfit who could stay with him, though we had some bronco-twisters who were no slouches either; he was a vicious, biting, striking, whistling, snorting terror, and as for bucking, why, he'd sooner buck than eat. We called him Gen. Weyler. It did seem rather low down to run the stranger up against such a cyclone, but he was so precious green he just jumped at the chance.

"All right," says he; "will you give me top wages if I ride that horse?"

"Surely," says Rowe, chuckling to himself.

"And perhaps you wouldn't mind buying me an outfit, as I'm broke?" said the dude.

"I'll do that," says Rowe. "I guess sticking plaster is pretty cheap," whispered he to us boys who was standing round.

"Here, Joe," says Rowe. "You go and help Cadotte catch and saddle up old Gen. Weyler and bring him round here."

Some of the boys caught him up and drove him round to the back of the mess tent, roped him, threw him, blindfolded him and saddled him and then brought him round for the tenderfoot.

"What a funny-looking saddle!" says he. "Dear me, I don't think I can ride on that thing; pap's saddle wasn't like that, and besides, I generally rode bareback when I was to home. Won't some of you gentlemen please take it off?"

So we took the saddle off. Then says he:

"I ain't used to that kind of bridle; pap had a bridle, but it wasn't that kind of fancy truck. I generally used just a rope around Molly's neck, or a halter. Please take the bridle off."

So we took off the bridle; but it was a tough job, for old Gen. Weyler was waltzing around in fine style, kicking up and striking out and snorting to beat the band. The Missouri hayseed's eyes began to bulge out some, and says he:

The Wheelman's Victory.
Flegende Blaetter.

"Come to me," said he. I came—both heads.

"Come to me," said I. Both tails.

It was getting exciting.

"This one tells," says Jones.

"It certainly does," said I.

We shook the coppers for a full minute.

"You come to me this time," said Jones, covering his copper with his hand as it lay on the counter.

I slapped mine down beside his.

"Both heads," said Jones in disgust.

"Hard luck, old man," said I.

Jones laughed apologetically.

"Lend me a dollar, will you," said he.

"What!" I gasped.

"I'll have to borrow the price from you," said Jones. "This is the only red cent I have about me."

"Same here," said I.

"What!" gasped he in his turn.

"I was going to borrow the money from you if I lost," said I.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place," said Jones indignantly.

"Why didn't you," returned I.

"It's tricky," said he.

"It's swindling," said I.

"What are you going to do about it?" grumbled Jones.

"I'm going to get out of this," said I.

"What about me?" asked Jones.

"Oh, you—you're it," said I.

As I helped myself to a hardwood tooth-pick at the desk I casually mentioned that my friend, Mr. Jones, had my check.

That gentleman was still on his stool looking earnestly for something in his vest pocket.

I haven't seen him since. S. H.

The Working Mother.

Among the shrieking wheels of the great mill Where, 'mid the din that shaketh the wide hall, A thousand women all Their vigor spend, she too is working still.

For many a lustre, since she was a child, She has been here—Deftly her nervous hands Guide thread and spool. She stands And does not heed the noise, the tumult wild

That rages all around. But sometimes now She is so tired and weary, oh, so tired! And yet, as if inspired, Raising her head, she smooths her careworn brow.

She seems to say: "On, ever onward still! Oh, misery, if one day her strength should fail, If she began to ail And could no more return her place to fill!

She must not and she cannot.—For her joy, Her one ambition, her one son, behind Whose brow she has divined The lofty flight of genius—he, her boy,

Is studying.—She will, at any price, For his necessities toil on all day, Waste drop by drop away, Offer herself a living sacrifice.

As once her youth, her old age too, God knows, Trembling and frosty, she will give, her health That was her only wealth— Oh, saintly worker!—sweetness of repose,

All she will give. Her son shall study.—Grand The future time shall see him, world renowned And feared, his dark head crowned With gold and laurel wreaths at fortune's hand!

Son of the people, study, silent sit In the low hut that in the shadow lies, Then in whose ardent eyes The mystic words of genius high are writ,

In thy proud muscles, in each fibre free The buoyant energy, the health that grace A bold, undaunted race, Aspire to the heights with fearless zeal.

Thy mother for thy sake some day will die; To her intrepid fallen body throw A kiss, a greeting, go To meet the hostile host that draweth nigh.

And with thy voice, thy pen, go forth to fight And point out to the tottering century The glorious radiance Of vast horizons bathed in a new light.

True, steadfast, honest in the noble strife Awaiting thee, remember evermore Amid the great mill's roar For this thy mother sacrificed her life.

—From the Italian of Ada Negri.

"Doesn't it cost you a good deal to run this yacht, old man?" "Yes; but my wife can't spend a cent when she's here."

—Life.

"My curiosity is running away with me," said the farmer, when his two-headed calf broke loose and towed him round the barnyard.—E. R.

The Purpose.

Pick-Me-Up.



"Ma, what were these things made for?" "For some wise purpose, darling." "Shall I take it home, and see what purpose?" "Oh! No! Stamp on the nasty little thing at once."

A Counter-Temps.

MET Jones outside the restaurant.

"Coming in to see Julia?" I asked.

Julia is the young lady who presides at the lunch-counter, or the "trough," as it is called in downtown circles. Jones raves about her and has offered to teach her to ride a bicycle.

It is my private opinion, however, that Julia doesn't care much about Jones.

She would prefer, I fancy, that I should teach her to ride a bicycle, and I would sooner do it too than trust the matter to a fellow like Jones. However, that is neither here

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
FAST EXPRESS SERVICE.
CHERBOURG, PARIS, SOUTHAMPTON,
LONDON, BREMEN.
Lahn.....Tuesday, July 11, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Friedrich.....Tuesday, July 11, 10 a.m.
Trave.....Tuesday, July 11, 10 a.m.
Lahn.....Tuesday, July 11, 10 a.m.
SOUTHAMPTON, LONDON, BREMEN.
TWIN SCREW PASSENGER SERVICE.
Bremen.....Thursday, July 13, 10 a.m.
Pr. Regent Luitpold.....Thursday, July 13, 10 a.m.
Barbarossa.....Thursday, July 13, 10 a.m.
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.
Ema.....Saturday, July 15, 11 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. II.....Saturday, Aug. 5, 11 a.m.
Alier.....Saturday, Aug. 19, 11 a.m.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND
79 Yonge Street, Toronto

AMERICAN LINE
Fast Express Service
NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON
Sailing Wednesday at 10 a.m.
St. Paul.....June 28 (St. Paul).....July 19
St. Louis.....July 5 (New York).....Aug. 2
New York.....July 12 (New York).....Aug. 9

RED STAR LINE
NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS
Every Wednesday at 12 noon.
Westernland.....June 28 (Noordland).....July 12
Kensington.....July 5 (Friesland).....July 19
These steamers carry cabin and third-class
passengers at low rates.
International Navigation Company
13 Boddway, cor. Rector Street
Barlow Cumberland, 79 Yonge St., Toronto

Passages to England

Express and moderate rate ships to South
England and through the English Channel.
Apply for sailings and rates to
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Steamship Agent, 79 Yonge Street, Toronto

**STEAMSHIP and
TOURIST TICKETS**

Issued by various lines to all parts of the world.

R. M. MELVILLE
Cor. Toronto and Adelaide Sts.
Telephone 2010

NIAGARA RIVER LINE
FOUR TRIPS

On and After Thursday, June 1st
Strs. CHICORA and CORONA

Will leave Yonge Street Wharf (east side)
daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3
p.m., and 4.45 p.m. for Niagara, Lewiston
and Queenston, connecting with the New
York Central and Hudson River R.R. at the
Michigan Central R.R. at Niagara Falls Park and
River R.R.
JOHN FOY, Manager.

NIAGARA NAVIGATION Co.**Book Tickets \$10.00**

NOW ON SALE.
A. F. WEBSTER, Agent
N. E. Corner King and Yonge Sts.

Cheap Excursion to California.

The Washburn Railroad Company will
sell round trip tickets to Los An-
geles, Cal., at the lowest rate ever
made from Canada to the land of
flowers. Tickets on sale from June
24th to July 7th, good to arrive
back at starting point on or before
September 5th. All tickets should
read over the Washburn, the short and
true route to California; finest equip-
ment trains in America.
Full particulars from any railway
agent or J. A. Richardson, District
Passenger Agent, north-east corner
King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and
St. Thomas, Ont.

New York Rate Reduced

Via C.P.R. and New York Central.
Leave Toronto 5.30 p.m. daily, reach
Grand Central Station, New York, 8.15
a.m. Through buffet sleeper. Best
service. Call at C.P.R. ticket offices
for tickets and information or address
H. Parry, 308 Main street, Buffalo,
N.Y.

Anecdotal.

A certain Irish member of Parlia-
ment, popular and a bachelor, had
been very polite to the daughter of
the house where he was visiting.
When the time came for him to go,
the too anxious mamma called him in
for a serious talk. "I'm sure I don't
know what to say," she went on;
"it's reported all around that you are
to marry Letitia." "Just say that she
refused me," quietly advised the parlia-
mentarian.

George W. Peck, author of Peck's
Bad Boy, was editing a little country
paper thirty years ago, and wrote
something that caught the fancy of
Brick Pomeroy, who was then making
a big success of the Le Crosse
Democrat. He wrote to Peck and of-
fered him \$25 a week to join his staff.
Peck telegraphed in reply: "I accept
your offer quicker than instantly.
For Heaven's sake don't withdraw it!"

Sir Henry Irving is always Sir
Henry Irving, whether on or off the
stage. So marked is his individuality
that during his latest visit to New
York a practical joker addressed a

"The Newest Books."**Vacation
Readers**

have a fine array of
highly interesting new
books to choose from
on the counters and
shelves of "the Book-
shop."

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,
No. 8 King Street West.

letter to him, the envelope of which
contained merely a pen and ink por-
trait of the actor and his hotel ad-
dress. The letter was promptly deliv-
ered by the hotel clerk, and a re-
porter to whom the wag confided his
joke followed to learn the effect.
"A-a-a-h!" mused the actor, "this
deserves an answer." Thereupon he
seated himself at his desk and indited
an ironical letter of thanks and in-
closed it in an envelope. "You don't
know the address?" "It does not
matter," returned Sir Henry. "I
think this will reach him without
difficulty." On the envelope he had
drawn the face of a donkey with a
pair of enormous ears, the ends of
which covered the paper from corner
to corner.

David B. Henderson, who will prob-
ably be the Speaker of the next Uni-
ted States House of Representatives,
once fired a rather hot shot at Hol-
man, of Indiana, whose savage oppo-
sition to any and all appropriation
measures earned him the title of
"watchdog of the Treasury." Some
years ago, when an appropriation for
Holman's own district was up for
consideration, the latter arose, and,
departing from his usual custom,
made a warm speech in its favor. The
instant he sat down Henderson was
on his feet. "Mr. Speaker," he said,
"the member's address brings to mind
Byron's lines:

"Tis sweet to hear the honest 'watch-
dog's' bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw
near home."

Of Sarasate, the famous violinist, a
pleasant story was told the other eve-
ning at a reception in Washington.
The great master enjoys nothing bet-
ter than giving or receiving a joke.
Sometimes his bon mots are a trifle
savage. One evening at a social func-
tion a young violinist, who had a
much higher opinion of his own musi-
cal ability than any one else, had the
bad taste to play one of Sarasate's
compositions with variations of his
own creation. The latter were inap-
propriate and inartistic, and jarred
upon the ears of all. The performer
ended his work and made his way
to Sarasate, doubtless expecting a
word of recognition or praise. Sara-
sate said nothing, and the player fin-
ally asked, "I hope you recognize that
piece?" Sarasate promptly replied,
"Certainly. It was a piece of impu-
dence."

In his book *Figures of the Past*, Josiah
Quincy tells of a journey that he
made in stage-coach days—away back
in 1862—from Boston to Washington.
With Justice Story, of the Federal Su-
preme Court. The justice was telling
of the routine of the court's Wash-
ington social life. "We dine," he said,
"once a year with the President, and
that is all. On other days we take
our dinner together and discuss at
table the questions that are argued
before us. We are great aesthetes, and
even deny ourselves wine, except in
wet weather." Here the judge paused,
as if thinking the act of mortification
he had mentioned placed too se-
vere a tax upon human credulity, and
presently added: "What I say about
the wines, sir, gives you our rule, but it
does sometimes happen that the chief
justice will say to me, when the cloth
is removed, 'Brother Story, step to
the window, and see if it does not
look like rain.' And if I tell him the
sun is shining brightly, Judge Mar-
shall will sometimes reply: 'All the
better; for our jurisdiction extends
over so large a territory that the doc-
trine of chances makes it certain that
it must be raining somewhere.'"

A Good Time Coming.

*A Thorough Canadian. An Heroic Wo-
man.*

HE long Irishman
and I have had
a delightful hour!
With the cyclists
map of Ireland
spread on the table
between us, we
have raved and
reminded and retrospected and plan-
ned. Seven years ago to a day, we
did so, and dreamed dreams which all
came true, of Kilkenny and Killarney
and Glendalough and Cashel and Holy
Cross and Tipperary and Bunry Bay
and the Vale of Avoca, all the rare
and beautiful spots in the south of
God's little country of green! To-day
we haven't touched any of them, for
the north is the place just now we're
dreaming about, of doughty old
Derry, and that wonderful bridge that
the Giant built, before the Deluge, up
in Antrim, with sweet Loch Foyle and
Dunluce Castle, and the oldest Kells
of all, and all the Bally and Cushen-
don and Cushendall places that grow
on the north-east corner of the sweet
land of St. Pat. And we are as drunk
with anticipation as if we'd each put
away a quart of Veve Cliequot!
Forty times a year at least I pore
over that cyclists' map of Ireland,
laughing, sighing, growling, sometimes
that the place is so far and the
money so scarce! But to-day it was
different. We quarrelled over routes
and I trotted out my hearsay as bold
as brass, only to be routed, horse,
foot and artillery, by his "I know bet-
ter, for I've ridden it many a time." And
he assured me of his cousin's good
will and guide lore, and I doubted
for the cousin is a woman, God
bless her! and we followed a little
round the corner of the map which
I can see myself taking to get
down to Belfast, that growing city
which never interests me the title of
the way that the smallest cabin in

Kerry or Clare does, and where rocks
the bottle which takes people across
to the Isle of Man, and we'll go!

While we enthuse and gabble and
contradict each other, the thorough
Canadian awaits our return to earth.
She says she is a thorough Canadian;
that's why I call her so. "I don't
see," says she judiciously, "why you
want to go to Ireland again, when you
haven't ever seen your own country."
"I don't have to see Canada if I don't
want to!" says the thorough
Canadian in a positive tone. "There
is nothing grander than the North-
West, no scenery to equal Canadian
scenery." "Have you ever seen Dub-
lin Bay, of Glengarriff, or—" begins
the Irishman, unmindful of my be-
seeding glance. "No. I have never
been out of my own country," says
the thorough Canadian with dignity.
"Canada is good enough for me. I
love my country!" and she left us,
with the air of proprietorship strong
upon her, she! who doesn't even pay
any taxes. "Will you bring back a
Manx cat?" says the pretty girl.
Though I suppose anyone who detests
cats as I do, might detest a Manx cat
less than all others, because there's
less of it, I wouldn't bring one across
the sea. There are Manx cats in
Prince Edward Island—and rabbits,
the latter being prima facie to blame,
it's not at all cunning to be a Manx
cat!

The thorough Canadian went with me
to the Historical Exhibition the
other day. She went silently through
the rooms until I mentioned that room
up-stairs where the old silver and
china were arranged. "Take me
there!" said she, and I led her up,
grateful that she cared enough to go.
"Is this what you brought me to
see?" she said, not angrily, rather
reproachfully, and she glanced at one
or two silver things, saying "Those
are nice!" and then I meekly followed
her away. She simply sniffed at the
old gowns and waistcoats. "What on
earth do people hoard such things
for?" she asked, and at the quaint
furniture she laughed and at the tap-
estries she scoffed. "Ugly old things!"
was her comment. "Do you know
what I'd do with 'em? Burn 'em!"
The old lady in the lace Spencer fell
into a chair, the old gentleman whose
grandfather preferred the manna of
the United Empire to the fleshpots of
the Stars and Stripes, stood still with
his mouth agape and his soul aghast,
and the thorough Canadian wagged
her head at them both. "All they're
good for!" said she finally, whether
she meant the antique or the inani-
mate curios I didn't dare to inquire.

Talking of the Historical Exhibi-
tion, there was one little happening
during its progress which seemed to
me worth the many trips I made to
hale my friends up the steps and
watch their interest or boredom there-
after. For years I have heard the
name of Laura Secord, and classed
her with Barbara Freichte, Jeanie de
St. Gilles, who threw the three-legged
stool at the preacher, and dames of
various degrees of bigotry, spasmodic
recklessness, and consequent notori-
ety. It happened that I wanted a
friend to know more of Laura Secord
than I could tell, and the grand-
daughter of the heroine being ready to
enlighten her, I too sat at her feet,
literally, on the soft green turf near
Victoria College, while she told the
story of her ancestors. It was a
most interesting and unique recital.
Laura was a clever woman, ready in
any tight place with an expedient, full
of grit and resolution, plucky and re-
sourceful in a measure above the ordi-
nary. I like to think of her on that
scrambling pilgrimage through the
woods at night, climbing over fallen
trees, creeping through thickets, her
keen eyes piercing the gloom for signs
of the dreaded "Americans," or
French, or even Indians, the echo of
a wolf's cry at one moment, the rustle
of a snake at another, her poor toes
peeping from her rent shoon, and her
will firm as iron. Fancy the simplici-
ty of her use of annexing a stray
cow and driving her past the French
camp! and her nerve, when standing
for her death blow among the doubt-
ing Indians, she drew herself up (and
she was a stately lady, mind you, in
spite of ragged boots and starved,
weary face), and ordered those sav-
ages to conduct her to the man she
had struggled over twenty miles of
pioneer country to warn and save.
The heroism was not to me so much
her journey, or her nerve, or her re-
source; nay, nay; she touched the
height when she bade good-bye to her
wounded husband, when she kissed
her little sleeping babies, and at four
of a dark morning, just the hour when
one's spirit is at its weakest, set her
face away from them. General Brock
has a monument overlooking the most
masterful scene in nature, and a fame
which is dilated upon at every patri-
otic convention; Laura Secord's grave
is neglected, almost unknown, but this
end of the century is to recognize her
superiority in heroics to the soldier
whose business called him to his death.
General Brock never did anything so
lovely as that lonely walk through the
night in the woods, with the helpless
husband and the helpless babies left
behind. I fear me that I have missed
a great inspiration I might have been
using for years, because I didn't look
up brave Laura sooner! However,
better late than never. Only, instead
of erecting a monument I wish her
friends and admirers would endow
some helpful institution where the
grand-daughter, and after her some

other woman, might pass along that
touching true tale of heroism of
a woman who was too strong
and brave and clever and loyal
to her friend to count the risk
she ran in his service. Thus has
this story, told in the peaceful glory of
June sunshine, by the quiet little lady
whose personal way of speaking lent
it force, gloved in our minds and
burned in our hearts when we placed it
along with the white sacrifice of Lady
Godiva, the story of that sweet woman
who barred a door with her soft little
arm, of Grace Darling, of all the gal-
lant company of heroic women!

Librium sends me eight lines on re-
morse:
God sends me forth when other angels
fall.
My salutation is a sigh.
My welcome is a tear—perchance a wail—
And darkness broods when I draw nigh.

But he who welcomes me doeth well,
For I beg teach of truer things,
And though the time be that of evening
bell,
I lead to where the lark still sings.

LADY GAY.

"Well, Ned finally proposed last
Sunday evening." "Was he embar-
rased?" "Embarrassed? I should
say so! Why he made such hard
work of it I was afraid he'd desecrate
the Sabbath!"—Puck.
"About the hottest thing I have
seen lately," Asbury Peppers remark-
ed, as he speared the best slice of
melon, "was an old salt, with a pepp-
ery temper, who had just been must-
ered out."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Tapey—You are an orphan? Miss
Somerguri—Yes. Tapey (much dis-
turbed)—Well, whose consent may I
ask in order to marry you? Miss
Somerguri—Well, you might ask mine.

Hot Weather Dyspepsia

Thousands suffer from it at this sea-
son of the year.

Hot weather dyspepsia may be re-
cognized by the following symptoms:
Depression of spirits, heaviness and
pain in the stomach after meals, loss
of flesh and appetite, no desire for
food, bad taste in the mouth, espe-
cially in the morning, wind in stomach
and bowels, irritable disposition, nerv-
ous weakness, weariness, costiveness,
headache, palpitation, heartburn. It
is a mistake to treat such troubles
with "tonics," "blood purifiers," "cat-
harts," "pills," because the whole
trouble is in the stomach. It is indi-
gestion or dyspepsia and nothing else.

All these symptoms rapidly disap-
pear when the stomach is relieved
strengthened and cleansed by Stuart's
Dyspepsia Tablets. They should be
taken after meals and a few carried
in the pocket to be used whenever
any pain or distress is felt in the
stomach. They are prepared only for
stomach troubles.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are in-
dorsed by such physicians as Dr. Har-
landson, Dr. Jennison, and Dr. Mayer,
because they contain the natural di-
gestive acids and fruit essences which
when taken into the stomach cause
the prompt digestion of the food be-
fore it has time to ferment and sour,
which is the cause of the mischief.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are pleas-
ant to take and unequalled for inval-
ids, children and every person afflic-
ted with imperfect digestion. It is safe
to say they will cure any form of
stomach trouble except cancer of the
stomach.

Nearly all druggists sell Stuart's
Dyspepsia Tablets, full sized packages
at 50 cents. A book on stomach
troubles and thousands of testimonials
sent free by addressing J. A. Stuart
Co., Marshall, Mich.

One's Own Joke.

HARLES LAMB, writing of
the rule "that a man must
not laugh at his own jests,"
says in one of his delightful
essays: "The severest ex-
ecution surely ever invented
upon the self denial of poor human
nature! This is to expect a gentle-
man to give a treat without partaking
of it; to sit esurient at his table, and
commend the flavor of his venison
upon the absurd strength of his never
touching it himself. On the contrary,
we love to see a wag taste his own

**REIGN
AND SHINE?****PACKARD'S
SHOE DRESSING**

IS REIGNING AS THE KING OF
LEATHER PRESERVATIVES

GIVES
THE
BEST

SHINE,
Try
a
Bottle.

10C. AND 25C.
SIZES.

PACKARD MAKES IT
PACKARD OF MONTREAL.
(L. M. PACKARD & Co.)

It is Not Possible to Buy Better Tea

Than is contained in the packets of the MONSOON TEA CO. Every
packet is guaranteed absolutely pure and wholesome.
Larger sales each week is a pretty good sign than once used it is never
forsaken. All grocers sell Monsoon in lead packets.

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

joke to his party; to watch a quirk,
or a merry conceit, flickering upon the
lips some seconds before the tongue
is delivered of it. If it be good, fresh,
and racy—begotten of the occasion,
if he that utters it never thought of
it before; he is naturally the first to be
tickled with it, and any suppression
of such complacency we hold to be
churlish and insulting. What does it
seem to imply, but that your company
is weak or foolish enough to be moved
by an image or a fancy that shall stir
you not at all, or but faintly? That
is exactly the humor of the fine gen-
tlemen in Mandeville, who, while he
dazzles his guests with the display of
some costly toy, affects himself to see
"nothing considerable in it."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by sending
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column.
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

Question.—You say that you do not write
the same hand twice, and give me two
specimens, which, though they differ in
style, have every trait marked equally,
and strongly marked, too. In both affec-
tion and a certain materialistic tendency
are shown. The impulse to confide and a
lurking mistrust at one time. The eager-
ness at starting and its weakening force,
the grace and easy temper, with good
clear ideas, and a perseverance sometimes
worthy of better things than command it.
Imagination, desire for praise and a cer-
tain originality are shown. The writer
has, I fancy, literary and somewhat ambi-
tious aims. It is not a dominating nor
magnetic character, but a very likable
one.

Wes.—It is a painstaking, gentle and
very appreciative nature. Writer is not
emotional, would lack courage on emer-
gency, depends upon sympathy and society.
Is tenacious of opinions and inclined to
pessimism. I don't think writer expects
much from the world. The will is direct
and the purpose definite, but the mind
needs training. Do not idealize people
enough to make you blind to their faults,
and cultivate the thinking powers stead-
fastly. You are a good, honest and high-
minded person, who will be much improv-
ed by time. A bright mind and careful
method.

Getrude.—Thanks for your good wishes
and good letter. Of course, it depends
on the sort of girl and the sort of man,
whether it is better to become friends or
conventional. A dominant and practical
will like yours would be safe to do
as it liked in such a matter. You are
too anxious for approval, and to make
a good impression to risk doing anything
unwise. What do I think of you? You
are full of the energy and enthusiasm of
youth, a clever lady, too. I'll be a clever
and self-reliant; I don't see ambition, and
there is a lack of buoyancy. You are
determined, careful, and thorough. No
half measures of lukewarm devotion for
you. It should be a fine, capable per-
son.

A. Helen M.—Pride and honesty show in
these lines. Writer would not deny
her faith or her country. She is conser-
vative, original, good-natured, likes praise
and is rather independent and self-reliant.

Sorrow.—You are fond of putting stress
in the wrong place and should learn to
distribute force more judiciously. Don't
moan and groan over life, and don't carry
a feeling to extremes. It is an emotional
soul, full of vibrant impulses and crude
thought, a bright mind, vivacious manner
and disposition to demand novelty are
your wonder if you have too little to
keep your mind occupied.

S. to Savals.—Am wondering what has
become of you. Are you still on this
side of the world? Share of regret not to
see you was also mine. In any case, the
same friend—who never forgets.
Restlessness.—Thanks! I wish you a
good half of the year, as it goes. So
you can't remember the date of your last
study. You ought to go as a witness on
a murder trial, to prove an alibi. Nothing
like that for making a person deadly
sure of dates. Wink if you think you
can make a success of the nursing
scheme, I won't lay a finger out to dis-
courage. But it takes patience and cour-
age and strength and hard work. There
is nothing in the writing to say you won't
be a regular Florence Nightingale. Of
those whom I personally know to have
succeeded, each one has a hard time.
One of them said to me a few days ago:
"I would not let my sister go through
such a trial for anything." Of those
whom I know to have failed, I dare not
tell. The grave—the sick room, the
haven, the street—oh, how they know the
cruelty of those who did not succeed!
Therefore, little woman, if it be only a
vague disquiet which urges you, not a
sturdy longing to be a trained nurse, for
heaven's sake, stay at home. If you like
your writing; there is snap and go in it;
there is also the impulse of youth. Be
sure, my dear!

Vingt-et-deux.—The French is a bit re-
dundant. It is a very good study, show-
ing ambition, energy and fairly clear
ideas; cheerfulness; caution and candor
alternating. It is not a commanding na-
ture, but with lots of go, and a good deal
of vital force; selfishness mars it some-
what, and some carelessness of detail is
shown. Good work is finished work, and
no amount of dash excuses omissions or
shortcomings. You are inconsistent, and
may have too high an opinion of your-
self. I think your nature must be vola-
tile and mercurial, but again there are
lines admirably direct, strong and pur-
posive. A bit of a puzzle you may
easily call yourself.

R.A.L.—Writing is undeveloped; not
suitable at all.

Whid.—I can easily be kind, my dear;
what do you want me to say? The writ-
ing you send me is persistent, even in
judgment, cheerful, and a little ambitious.
You are practical, a trifle proud, and
careful of details. A neat and precise
method and a good deal of despatch or
approbation are yours. What could I
have told you that was so unkind? I
have some little things to criticize, but
let them go!

W.C.L.—An honest, useful, matter-of-
fact person, not famed for grace of word
or deed, but manly, frank and reliable.
There is marked tenacity and a sensitive-
ness you don't get credit for. You are
social, and rely upon your companions
for a good deal of happiness. You would
possibly be easily discouraged, when you

**Get Your
Money's
Worth**

Buy salt that has
dirt and impurities in it if you want to—
you don't get your money's worth.

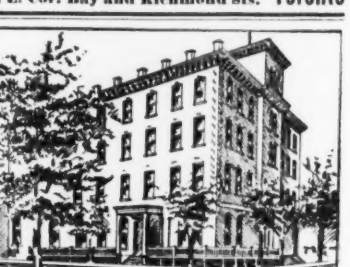
There is absolutely nothing in Wind-
sor Salt but pure, white, dry salt crys-
tals. Ask your grocer for the salt that
doesn't cake—that gives you "money's
worth."

Windsor Salt**The "Comfort" RECLINING
SWING
CHAIR**

Probably the most comfortable chair ever
made. It's not a hammock; it's much better.
The reclining feature offers that com-
fort which cannot be had with the usual porch
rockers, lawn chair or hammock.
Three of our "Comfort" Reclining Swing
Chairs can be placed in the space neces-
sary for one hammock.
It is accepted as easily as an ordinary
chair. LADIES APPRECIATE THIS—the
absence of the embarrassing annoyance of
getting into a hammock, the disarrange-
ment of clothing, etc., etc.
That's why our "Comfort" Reclining Swing
Chair is better than a hammock.
It is said to be the best reclining chair offered
to the public.
For use by invalids it is unsurpassed.

PRICE \$5.00
The W. B. CAMPBELL COMPANY
General Agents for Canada

MEDICAL BUILDING,
S. E. Cor. Bay and Richmond Sts., Toronto

**The Famous Mineral Salt Baths**

OF ST. CATHERINES
For Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Sciatica
and allied diseases. For Scrofula and Nervous
Affections and Impurities of the Blood. En-
dorsed by Hare's System of Therapeutics and
Allout's System of Medicine. Experienced
physicians and attendants in Massage Treat-
ment. Porcelain Baths, Elevator, Hot Water
Heating. Apply for circular to MALCOLM-
SON BROS., The Wards, St. Catharines.
Open the year round

**Energy BLOOD & NERVE
PILLS**
FOR THE
Languid & Weary**O'Keefe's Special**

Turn It
Upside Down

—DRINKS IT ALL
—NO DREGS
—NOT CARBONATED

The success attained
in the short time this
Ale has been before the
public is unprecedented
A single trial will
convince.

To be had at all hotels and dealers
The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. of Toronto
Limited

GOLD SPECTACLES

A specialty
at the old established firm.

C. POTTER, 31 King Street

need not fear for success. Not at all a
bad sort of chap, and sure to do well if
trusted.
Lady of the Sunshine.—Write and ask
the publisher. He is an exceedingly
courteous and delightful person. As to
the address of the New York gentleman
you mention, I do know it, but cannot
give it in this column—would hesitate to
give it, in any case, to a stranger.

Studio and Gallery

THE study of the science of "Aesthetics" is not conspicuous either in our universities or young ladies' colleges. In fact, as Scribner's proved to us conclusively recently, we have no such study reduced to a science. The general impression even with educationalists seems to be that aesthetic culture is a sort of varnish, a veneer, to be applied to the external embellishment of the individual after he or she has been carefully and completely built. It is not necessarily a process which, commencing in the kindergarten, proceeds uninterruptedly and contemporaneously with the education of the rest of the faculties. In ladies' colleges there has been little desire to do other than make a picture to show to the home friends. The curriculums treat art as one of the luxuries. Few treat it seriously. Few even aspire to the standard prescribed for our schools of art, mechanical enough as that is. We do not know anything which pays better the individual and the people collectively, in the long run, than the careful, habitual cultivation of the imaginative faculties. The study of beauty for its own sake is a worthy study.

In St. Margaret's College we have an institution keenly alive to the requirements of modern culture, and fully equipped to fulfil these requirements. The proportion of its pupils under direct art instruction compares favorably with that of any other ladies' college. Its art department has been this year under the supervision of L. R. O'Brien, R.C.A., Mrs. M. H. Reid, R.C.A., Mrs. Kitchen and Miss Mackie, in the regular methods of modern art study; Mrs. Kenely has taught art embroidery and needlework; ceramic art has been taught by Miss Justina Harrison; while lectures during the year were given on wood-carving, illustrated by specimens of this art. In all these departments excellent work has been done. During the year lectures have been given to pupils and friends on art and kindred subjects. An aesthetic idea enters into the prizes offered at the closing exercises. They were mostly the works of Canadian authors bound expressly, most artistically, for the college, bearing on the outside cover the crest of the college with its name. We like this individualizing for many reasons. The gold medal was also a work of art, bearing the shield laid on a marguerite, the college flower.

In Miss Veale's ladies' college we have an older institution whose claim to public respect and confidence has been long established, a home of refinement and culture. The art department is in good hands under Miss Windeat, R.C.A., a lady well known in artistic circles, keeping herself always in touch with art progress. This year's display of art contained excellent specimens in oils, water colors and black and white. In all the true art feeling, emotional rather than merely accurate, is distinguishable. The flowers in water colors were treated with delicacy and breadth. Ceramic art was well represented, delicacy of tint and simplicity of composition being its chief features. We have no doubt embroidery and needlework are taught, although not displayed.

In Bloor street Presbyterian College art, under the management of T. Mewer Martin, R.C.A., Miss E. May Martin, O.S.A., and Miss MacDougall, receives a generous share of attention, quite a large proportion of the pupils studying it. We saw some very nice water colors in landscape and flowers, clean and brilliant in effect. Black and white, in landscape, is quite a feature of the course, as is sketching from nature. Miss McQueen, Miss P. Block, Miss Maud Davidson, Miss McNair, Miss Rowntree, have all done excellent work in either department. The attention given to ceramic art is also marked and very good work is shown. Miss Davidson finished her course in art and took her diploma. Very much more work was done during the year than remained at its close.

It is surely a great disappointment to many and an occasion on which one could conscientiously fulfil with cheerfulness the apostolic injunction "be ye angry," when we learn that Canadian art is to have no place at the Paris Exposition. We are inclined to think "some one has blundered." Some time since a deputation waited on the authorities at Ottawa and pre-



GROUP AT THE ONTARIO ART SCHOOL.
From a photo by Mr. J. A. Smith, R.C.A.

sented the claims of our art. They learned then that Canada could show her wares in a colonial building under circumstances similar to those under which the woman's art work is exhibited at our own Industrial Fair—we hope a little more intelligibly. Miss Canada, with commendable propriety, bowed, and said, "No, thank you; if I cannot be chaperoned by my mother and sit with her, I won't go at all." She elected to stay at home. Since then the British Association has notified our Royal Canadian Academy that British art is to be represented by 230 pictures, and as that is manifestly small enough for British art, there can be no room for Canada.

The Royal Academy of Britain hangs yearly, generally, at least 3,000 works of art. Last year 1,400 artists contributed. All the artists of Britain are not represented in the Academy, by a long way. The Scottish artists alone, as everybody knows, are an increasingly important body. Different societies in England never appear at the Royal Academy, so that Britain will be very inadequately represented. Is this a settlement of old scores? Britain—that is, the Academy—deserves a real, artistic kick—perhaps I should say a pinch—for her cyster-like policy in art matters. We do wish our Canadian societies would give us an art exposition of our own in 1900. There will be a search some day for the beginnings of Canadian art. Why not now? Moreover, these beginnings should be the property of the country. Her history is incomplete without them.

The advisory board of the League of School Art met in Rosedale school in conjunction with the Executive Committee of the Rosedale League to consider art matters in that school. The pamphlet prepared under the auspices of the board and printed by the Education Department is now ready for circulation with it. It is hoped, several schemes of color for school rooms under the province. There are also in the pamphlet some valuable suggestions on school decoration generally, and a long list of suitable reproductions for use in the schools. We have no doubt whatever that this movement will meet with a cordial reception in our province as it has in our city.

The illustrations of Parkman's history now on view at G. N. Morang's number about one hundred and twenty, and are executed by Goupil, of Paris. The originals are from photographs of original paintings and works of noted American and French artists. A history without illustrations and portraits is to us what Carlyle tells us a biography is without portraits, a book without a candle. It seems to me, however, somewhat of a sarcasm on Canadians to have presented to us a history of our own land by one not a Canadian, and to have its story told in pictorial art by Frenchmen who never saw Canada, and inhabitants of the United States. However, "the spirit of the prophets is subject to the prophets" and the spirit of history and the spirit of art is universal and cosmopolitan. Its skeleton is its less important part.

Two of the panels in low relief now in the "Toronto" are the work of J. D. Kelly, O.S.A. The subject of the one is "Frontenac arriving at Kingston," and of the other "Portaging up the St. Lawrence." The composition is well balanced and arranged with its particular end distinctly in view—being part of an architectural scheme. The drawing abounds in strong lines of grace, giving vital effects. There can be no more need of going out of our own country in the future for excellent material for decoration in that most chaste of its forms—low relief. The architect of the Toronto, I. H. Acton Bond, has proved himself perfectly capable of conceiving subjects eminently harmonious with his architectural plans. Our artists are quite capable of producing a finished artistic composition, and the modelling, as is evident in these panels, is possible in our own city, as Mr. Bailey has proven. What only is needed is the public taste, which will not be satisfied short of the best artistic decoration in all kinds of buildings.

The idea of an interchange of material among the different schools of the city when the art movement would be fully organized has begun to be put into effect. "The Parthenon" and the "Chariot Race" of the Rosedale League have been loaned for a time

to Dufferin school at the request of that school. The "Angels' Heads," after Sir Joshua Reynolds, has gone to Louis Street school.

There is an autocratic rule in Germany that the Kaiser shall give five hundred marks and no more for any picture that may strike his august fancy. It is very desirable, without doubt, to be exhibited in Imperial salons, but an artist having won his spurs in public opinion and accustomed to command five thousand marks for a canvas, may well dread the reward of royal visits to his studio. An amusing instance of recent date is reported from Berlin, where the Emperor insisted on buying a four-thousand-mark masterpiece intended for exhibition. The painter packed his picture in haste and sent it off by the first train, and not a moment too soon, for immediately afterward a lackey came from the palace for the admitted object. The picture could not be given up, as it was "not there," and as a consequence the royal favor and its equivalents have been for the moment withdrawn. There is something delightfully mediaeval about modern Germany.

I wish to take back something of what I insinuated last week regarding our grandmothers' art. None of our "forebears" ever decorated china, not in Canada at least, like Miss Galbraith, Miss Irvine, and Miss Adams, the three ladies samples of whose work are to be seen in a cabinet at the Historical Exhibition.

JEAN GRANT.

Books and Shop Talk.

THE series of clever essayettes which appeared in Saturday Night a short time ago under the title of "Society Types," and over the curiously-inspiring signature of "Ko Ko," is to be published in book form by George N. Morang & Co., the volume being now in the press. Many readers of this journal will be pleased to have in this more permanent guise these brilliant characterizations of people we have all met. The writer depicts, with a keen and discerning thoughtfulness a caustic pen, the typical society folk we love, hate, consort with, endure or avoid. Each "type" is no doubt the result of many impressions, like those compound photographs that were the fashion some time ago, when a number of faces of some special class of people were made to impinge successively on a long-suffering plate, and thereby a generalization of the class was supposed to be reached. But "Ko Ko" surpasses the kodak; and the various "types," though impersonal, are depicted with an insight and a delicacy of touch quite impossible by merely mechanical-chemical means. It is true that "Ko Ko" handles some of them without gloves, but it is done in a way that makes us rejoice. More often the rapier is used, and used deftly; or if the broadsword is brought into play, the blade is from Toledo, of the kind that splits a man from head to heel so cleanly that he does not know he is halved until he tries to laugh at the feat. We repeat that, notwithstanding our inability to "place" these characters, they are not marionettes that "Ko Ko" puts on

the dais and draws for us. As one after another they get up to pose—"the Patrons," "the Beauty," "the Gossip," "the Widow," "the Guest," "the Old Maid," "the Gentlewoman," "the Self-made Man," "the Bachelor," "the Young Man," "the Young Girl," "the Club Man," we see that they combine in a most interesting way the characteristics of their respective classes, without at the same time losing a certain human identity. To do work of this sort well requires not only literary faculty, but rare judgment and philosophical discernment. To do it with a dash; to put on the colors with a sweep of artistic certainty, and without niggling, is an achievement. That is why that part of the public that knows a good thing will welcome "Society Types" when it makes its appearance between covers. Each chapter will be adorned with a dainty pictorial initial by that clever young artist, Fergus Kyle.

Mark Twain is engaged upon a book in which he candidly writes his opinions of the men of the day with whom he is most familiar, and gives his impressions of celebrities with whom he has had contact. This book is not to be published for one hundred years. He says that it is to be a serious work, but it will be a great joke on Mark if the reviewers of 1999 prefer to regard him as only a humorist and choose to regard his book as an attempted joke on posterity.

Nearly every review I come across has an article written by some literary chap attempting to place an authoritative value upon Kipling's work. At first it is rather puzzling to understand why so many of these articles should come out at one time, but Kipling will not be deceived. He is enough of a newspaper man to know that these articles were all prepared when he was dangerously ill—prepared in the expectation that he would die. These are the articles that would have appeared had he died, and so, he may size himself up accordingly. It will do no harm to say that when a public man is ill the story of his life and the estimate of his usefulness are not only written and held in readiness, but are very often in type and ready to throw on the press at a moment's notice. That Kipling has lived to read the world's estimate of himself gives him "a second life," so to speak, in which he can meet the objections raised to his work in the first one. He is playing in great luck.

Students in colleges and high schools stick too closely to the books that they use in their routine work, and the result is that they are not sufficiently in touch with the real affairs of life. A book has just been published by William Briggs entitled Canadian Citizenship, a Treatise on Civil Government, by John Millar, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, that should be read and studied by young men who intend to live in Canada and look forward to a career. This book will give a young man a general understanding of our system of government that will be a basis on which he can build ever after, and, if it is studied now, much time will be saved later in life and many mistakes prevented. Mr. Millar not only explains our institutions but shows the philosophy and economy that underlie them.

The Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia speaks of W. A. Fraser, of Georgetown, as "one of the coming men in American literature."

The Copp, Clark Company has issued a short summer catalogue, giving information about some books suitable for reading during a holiday trip. This catalogue is sent free to those who ask for it. The idea is a good one.

The Canadian Militiaman is the title of a handsomely illustrated book about the same size and style as the average Christmas publication. On the cover is a military picture lithographed in several colors, and within are excellent half-tone portraits of all the commanding officers in the Dominion. There are appropriate stories by Robt. Barr and Theodore Roberts, and The Khan's poem, "The Frontier Way," is re-published. The Canadian Militiaman will, I believe, be published semi-annually, by the G. M. Rose and Sons Co.

What the New Treatment Has Done for Nervous People

Science has ever kept pace with the demands of civilization, and with the great increase of nervous disorders has come the discovery of a new method of treating diseases of the nerves.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has revolutionized the old methods of deadening and stimulating the nerves and supplanted them by the new idea of building up the nervous system and restoring and revitalizing the wasted nerve cells.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

has cured thousands of cases of nervous prostration and exhaustion. It has saved from hysteria, paralysis and death scores of hundreds whose nerves were starved and exhausted.

Women tell of irregularities and weaknesses corrected by this great restorative, and of rosy cheeks, rounded forms and new vitality derived from its use.

Men speak of new nerve force, new energy, new confidence and new business capacity as the result of a few weeks' treatment with this food for the nerves. 50 cents a box. At all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE

NEW BREWINGS

At this time of the year everyone needs something to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties. Try these Pure Malt Beverages made from specially selected new grain and hops—the best obtainable for years—uniting the strength of the best Malt Extracts with the palatableness of a fine Ale.

ASK YOUR MERCHANT FOR THE NEW BREWINGS

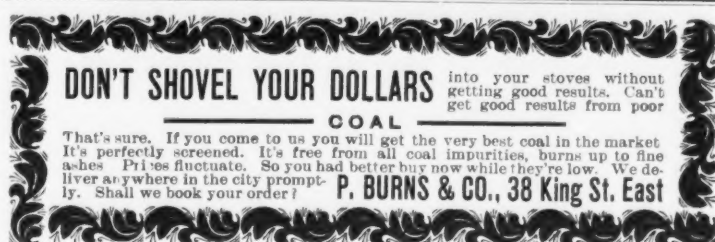
SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S



Mothers on Street Cars.

"THERE, that's over with, and it's a great load off my mind," said the street car conductor, as he got back to the rear platform and made vigorous use of his handkerchief on his face and neck. "You mean collecting fares on a crowded car?" asked a passenger. "I mean the getting through with the seven women and the sixteen children I have on this trip," he explained. "Luck happened to be with me, and I'm only hoping that I may get through the day all right. I've been laid off for a week, you know."

"For what?" "For doubting a mother's word in regard to the age of a child. I've got four children at home, and most anybody would say that I ought to be something of a judge, but I'm brought up with a round turn every trip. If it wasn't for the spotters I'd pass all children as being under six years of age."

"You have to collect half fare for all over that age, eh?" "I have to try to, and there is where the trouble comes in. Not one mother in twenty is willing to pay any fare at all for anything under a boy who is just ready to get out of knee-breeches. Of the sixteen children on this car all but two are certainly six years old, and yet I collected only three half-fares. If there is a spotter on the car I'm booked for another lay-off, but it was either that or a row with the mothers. When I come along to a mother who shuts her jaws and gives me the icy glare I realize that her mind is made up, and it's either let her beat me or have a row."

"But why do they kick?" "For various reasons. When you have dead-headed a child for three years it's pretty hard to begin paying fare. As a rule, too, anybody will beat a street car if possible and feel no shame over it. The woman who got me laid off had a son eight years old with her. She had been riding on my car for months with that kid and passing him off for not quite six years, when I thought to do a smart thing for the company. I insisted on her paying fare for him, but I lost in the shuffle. She went to headquarters and complained of my impudence, and instead of collecting five cents for the company I was \$9 out of pocket."

"And do mothers deliberately lie to you to save a fare?" "Say, now, but you ought to run a car for just one day. A woman who

wouldn't lie to a neighbor on her life will turn a conductor down without the least hesitation. It is not considered a sin to do that. I have a brother who was running a car on this line up to a month ago. A woman tried to pass an eight-year-old boy for nothing, and he insisted on half-fare and got it. She turned out to be the general manager's wife, and, of course, the conductor got the bounce. What is that old saying about truth?"

"That it is mighty and will prevail." "Yes, I remember, but the man who got that off lived before the days of street cars. I'm telling you, sir, that of the folks who travel by car, men or women, only about one in ten is thinking of truth, and even he is wondering how he can work off a plugged quarter or a lead nickel on the conductor."

Mrs. Grimes—Mr. Gushwell was real good, wasn't he? Relict of departed politician—Yes; but one thing I didn't like, what he said about Tom having filled every office in the gift of the people. Tom was no beggar; whatever he got he paid for.—Boston Transcript.

When the dentists of this country can discover a way to pull teeth without making a man wish he had been born a hen, life will have twice as much brightness.

Mrs. Skimpen—I think Mr. Smith must have liked the beefsteak pie. He had two helpings of it. The tactless boarder—Perhaps he did it on a wager.—Boston Transcript.

"Sir," began the book canvasser, "I have a little work here—" "Sorry," interrupted the busy man, "but I have a great deal of work here. Good morning!"—Chicago News.

Wife (earnestly)—George, dear, I have prayed so fervently of late for a tailor-made gown, that I feel it would be flying in the face of Providence not to go and get measured at once.—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



SKETCHING OUTFITS
Umbrella Holders, Easels, Stools, Sketch Boxes, Colors, Brushes and all requisites for professional work. Special prices until the 15th July.

THE ART METROPOLE (Unlimited)
The Complete Art Store
131 and 133 Yonge Street, Toronto

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 24 King Street West

MISS EDITH HEMMING
PORTRAITS, MINIATURES
Classroom for Miniature Painting.
Studio—582 Church Street, Toronto



THE Toronto College of Music gave the closing concert of the season on Monday evening in the Pavilion Music Hall, which was crowded to the doors by an invitation audience of considerably more than one thousand people. The pupils who appeared were selected from the higher grades of singing and piano playing, and the very ambitious programme which they supplied afforded very satisfactory testimony to the excellent work being done at the College in developing both the technique and the taste of the students. The nature of the selections for piano, moreover, showed that the pupils are given ample opportunities of studying the great standard compositions for the instrument in the concerto style, and that they have the advantage, found in few teaching institutions, of rehearsing with the orchestral accompaniment. From a musical point of view the programme was really a feast of riches. Fancy a scheme including movements from Beethoven's C minor concerto, Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, Weber's Concertstueck, Schumann's Concertstueck, op. 42, Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante, and Chopin's Polonaise in E flat, all with orchestra. Fortunately public taste has made so great advance of late years that none of the works mentioned are now considered heavy. On the contrary, an ordinary audience considers them as approaching what is called light and tuneful music. And yet they are all good sound compositions, and require for their effective performance a high standard of executive ability as well as musical appreciation of their structural texture. The pianists who so ably sustained the reputation of the college in this scheme were the Misses Ethel Fosdick, Frances Bower, Mabel A. Tait, Lillian Porter, Effie Houghton, Eleanor Kennedy and Lillian Landell. These young ladies acquitted themselves with so much distinction, they all showed so much technical equipment and rendered their respective solos with so much care and intelligence that I shall not have the temerity to make any comparisons. It will be sufficient to say that they all delighted the audience and were all enthusiastically applauded. If there was any difference in the measure of applause received, it was mainly because one or two compositions appeared more strongly to the audience than the others. The vocalists were: Misses Grace Milliken, Eileen Millett, Annie Mottram, Frederick Paul, and Mr. F. Mariett Bell-Smith, who contributed songs by Roedel, Verdi, Venzano, Denza and Mattel. These promising young vocalists sang in good voice and in a style that had many striking points of merit, and their efforts were found most acceptable in giving pleasing variety to the programme. Mr. Harold Bayley played two movements from De Beriot's Seventh Concerto for violin, with a good many tone and a well developed left hand technique. Mr. Torrington conducted the College orchestra in the concerto work.

On Tuesday evening the Bishop Strachan school held its closing exercises, which were attended by a large and fashionable assemblage. A very attractive programme was offered, including piano solos and duet and quartette, several songs, and a recitation in French. The solo pianists were Misses Constance Tandy and Mabel Groomer, who played Godard's Chevaleresque and Ralf's Tambourin most effectively and with a degree of finish which spoke well for the instruction they had received from Mr. Harrison, the head of the piano department. Miss Constance Tandy also distinguished herself in a couple of songs by Nevin and Molloy, in which she evinced a rare musical temperament and displayed a very sympathetic contralto. I understand that she is a pupil of Miss Hillary. The pianists in the concerted numbers were Misses Janet Gardner, Alice Baines, Nora Dann, Vera Dallas, and the two soloists, Misses Constance Tandy and Mabel Groomer. They played in capital time and with notable neatness and precision. Miss Gertrude Urquhart sang Cowen's Swallows and delighted the audience with her pleasing voice and style. The French dialogue was contributed by Misses Hazel Goad and Nina Lawrence Holph. It was a scene from Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, and was charmingly recited. The prizes were presented by the Bishop of Toronto. Miss Greer, the principal, was presented with an address by her pupils, who expressed deep regret at the announcement that she is about to retire from the position she has so long occupied.

Dr. Albert Ham, the organist and choir-master of St. James' Cathedral, leaves on Monday for a well earned vacation. He will sail from New York on Tuesday en route to England, in the beautiful southwest of which country he will pass his holidays.

The Presbyterian Ladies' College celebrated its commencement function on Monday evening in the assembly hall of the Church of the Redeemer, which was well filled by a most appreciative audience. The piano work of the school was illustrated by the following pupils, who displayed accomplishments of a high order and showed careful instruction:—The Misses May McFaul, Mabel Steele, Ethel Myers, Ruby Smith, Maysie Beattie, Ger-

trude Carlyle, M. Hopper, F. McDiarmid, L. McEwan, M. Gun, Margaret, Nasmith, Lillian Haywood, Helen Snell, Lena McEhern, Beatrice Smith, and Rena McCullough. Vocal selections were given by the Misses May McFaul, Gertrude Radcliffe, Jean Jardine, Mabel Howe, Sara Dunstan, Muriel Bickell, Eleanor Cannon, Lizzie Morin, and Carrie and Maud Davidson. Their songs were of a most attractive character and their rendering reflected much credit upon the training of Mr. Tandy, Mrs. Parker, and Miss Thomson. Readings were given by the Misses Jean Crozier, Adelaide McLelland, and Gertrude Hardy, who all showed carefully guided elocutionary ability.

Sir Edwin Arnold, writing of the late Johann Strauss, says: "The body of Johann Strauss, lying first in state at Vienna, with his violin placed at the dead composer's feet, its strings eloquently broken, and then laid to rest between the arms of Schubert and of Brahms, fills the mind with admiration and gratitude towards the incomparable services of all true genius to humanity. 'Only a writer of waltz tunes, some of the musical bigwigs have been saying about Johann Strauss. Yes, but what a gift for posterity! What a sure and subtle ear for rhythm! What a master of those pulses of sound which magically pass from the ear to the mind and spirit, and set hundreds of thousands of hearts beating and feet dancing! Who could count how many love matches the tender spell of his strains have started? It cannot be but that, with such a divine and unique endowment of the melodious and harmonic sense, as Longfellow said:

He is gone a little nearer
To the Master of all Music,
To the Master of all singing.

The greatest and most famous of men may well envy that happy brain which could devise so many delightful, thought-stirring themes, and by his exquisite, if airy and popular art, spread far and wide such gaiety and pleasure. Those solemn great ones of the musical world who can do everything with crotchets and quavers except create melodies and comprehend rhythms, were all sufficiently answered by Brahms when he wrote under the first few bars of the Blue Danube those generous words, 'Unfortunately not by me.'

It is often instructive and amusing to read old criticisms of musical matters written by acknowledged masters of their art. The other day I came across the following authoritative opinions in reference to Wagner from two of the most celebrated musical critics of their day. The late James Davidson, in the *Times* of March 4, 1855, said: "As the musical art now exists, the theory of Herr Wagner is philosophically false and practically impossible." And again, "Nothing is known of his music in this country except the overture to Tannhauser, which was heard with equal indifference by the public at the concerts of the New Philharmonic, and M. Julien, and is at its best but a commonplace display of noise and extravagance." In these days, so greatly has public opinion changed, it seems incomprehensible that this magnificent overture could have failed to impress an audience, unless, indeed, it was found too difficult or too strange in style for the orchestras of the fifties to grapple with. On June 21 of the same year Mr. Davidson wrote: "No foreign conductor ever invited to England came with such extraordinary pretensions, and produced so unfavorable an impression. His conducting shows as great a lack of the necessary science as his music; and for one who has talked so largely in print, Herr Wagner has cut a sorry figure." Mr. Chorley, the critic of the *Athenaeum*, takes similar ground. He wrote: "I have never been so blanked, pained, wearied, insulted by a work of pretension as by this Tannhauser. The scoring is strident, ill-balanced and wanting in body." The charge of "wanting in body" seems ridiculous to us now. Not even Beethoven himself surpassed Wagner in the richness and sonority of his orchestration. Truly times change rapidly. It may be called to mind that Spohr, who was a great musician, called the last movement of Beethoven's symphony a "disgraceful row," while in reference to the opening movement, the orchestras who had first to essay the work whispered among themselves that the composer had gone mad. And to-day in far-away Toronto, the C minor symphony is the most popular of the composer's symphonies, and perhaps the best liked of all orchestral works of the class. It is only right to call attention to the fact that Davidson, with the caution of a professional journalist, qualified his remarks by saying: "As

musical art now exists the theory of Wagner is false, etc."

Appropos of this subject, Mr. Irenaeus Stevenson, writing in the *New York Independent* for May, complains of Wagner's present monopoly of the lyric stage. He says: "The fact is that in opera, as in other music, only in the mixture of the old and the new lies the impresario's ultimate safety and his benefaction to his patrons. . . . The library of the collector may be restricted to Balzac or Shakespeareana. But a larger mission, wider opportunities, belong to the average esthetic vehicle, graphic, musical or literary; and when it is cramped and scantied in office, the American public and the reviewer alike are entitled to rebuke and complain, because the pleasure and profit, and especially the education in a brilliant demesne of art, is but half possible to us."

Miss Ethel K. Martin, of the staff of the Metropolitan School of Music, gave a pupils' recital at her residence, Rosedale. It was largely attended and proved very successful, several of her pupils showing marked ability.

July 11 is the date fixed for the meeting of the General Council of the Associated Musicians of Ontario instead of July 8, as announced in these columns last week. The meeting will be held in the Y. W. C. A. Hall, 18 Elm street.

Perhaps the most successful and largely attended rehearsal of the Festival Chorus and Orchestra this season was held on Tuesday evening of this week. Mr. Torrington is well pleased with the combined work of the chorus and orchestra. The rehearsals will be resumed early in September.

On Friday evening, June 16, a large number of invited guests were received at St. George's schoolhouse, Oshawa, by Mrs. James Robson, and charmingly entertained by Miss May Robson, assisted by Miss Greta Masson. Miss Robson, who is a recent graduate of the Emerson College, Boston, has been studying during her three years' course with a view to becoming an efficient interpreter of literature, and her handling of Dickens' Christmas Carol was a very gratifying example of taste and skill. Miss Greta Masson, a pupil of Mr. Albert Baker Cheney of Boston, exhibited in her singing a soprano voice of quality and compass.

Harper's Bazar prints the following anecdote about a Musician's Heaven: "A gentleman of decided and highly cultivated musical tastes, wishing to change his residence, advertised for rooms in 'a private family fond of music.' The next mail brought him the following reply: 'Dear Sir,—I think we could accommodate you with rooms, and as for music, one of my daughters plays the parlor organ and guitar, another one plays the accordion and banjo; I play the cornet and fiddle; my wife plays the harmonica, and my son the flute. We all sing, and if you are a good tenor singer, you will fit right in when we get to singing gospel hymns evenings, for none of us sing tenor; or if you play the base viol we have one right in the house. If you want music as well as board we could accommodate you, and there would be no extra charge for it.'"

CHERUBINO.

The Associated Board.

THE recent reply of the Associated Board to the protesting committee of Canadian Musicians has excited but little interest and comment in this country, the decision of the Board, owing to the hostile attitude of some of its principal officials, having been accepted as a foregone conclusion. Among the many astounding features of the Board's Canadian campaign the official document dealing with this matter and the more recent announcements of the Board's Montreal representatives regarding this year's examinations in Canada, stand out very prominently. The Board affirms, for instance, that owing to difference of opinion among the profession in Canada and the remarks of Lord Minto, our Governor-General, regarding the matter, it has been decided to continue holding its examinations in Canada. As is well known in this country, the Board, in taking this view, has arrayed itself against the most responsible elements in the profession here and has accepted as umpire in a musical matter the Governor-General of the Dominion, who has never heretofore been suspected of possessing expert knowledge as a musician. His Excellency, as will be remembered, gave expression to his opinion almost immediately after his arrival in Canada and after a personal visit from the secretary of the Board, the astute Mr. Aitken. Not the least peculiar feature of His Excellency's valued opinion was the solemn declaration that the Board's degrees and diplomas were the only ones in the musical world of any value, a statement over which even the champions of the Board, including our musical missionary, Mr. Aitken himself, must have chuckled inordinately. Another amusing inconsistency on the part of the Board's employees was the widely trumpeted announcement that owing to the remarkably large number of candidates which had

materialized in Canada this year, two examiners would be necessary for the consequent immense amount of work, one being the eminent composer Mr. Frederic Cowen. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cowen landed in New York with a colleague, the latter immediately proceeding west on his way to British Columbia and Australia, whilst Mr. Cowen traveled with lightning speed through New York State, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, all within one week, examining all that could be found in Ontario, the most populous and the most British of the provinces, in a space of time which will probably emphasize to the Board the state of public opinion on this question in this part of the Dominion at least. Aside from the merriment created throughout Canada at Mr. Aitken's noisy blunders in this country, and His Excellency's laughable plunge in the realm of music, there exists a strong feeling of regret that so eminent and respected a musician as Mr. Cowen should have visited Canada without becoming acquainted with the actual condition of things here musically, a question regarding which the profession have always invited the fullest enquiry. According to the officials of the Board, the number of candidates examined in Toronto footed up a total of fifteen, and in Ottawa five. Considering the amount of ammunition which Mr. Aitken expended in his Canadian campaign in his efforts to place matters on a paying basis here, backed as he was by the patronage of royalty, and further bolstered up by the presence of one of the greatest musicians in the Empire as examiner, it must be apparent that it will require a different policy on the part of the Board from that of glittering externals if the good-will of the profession in this portion of the Dominion is to be secured. Vulgar abuse and attempted coercion have been met here in a spirit reflecting highest credit upon the musicians of this province, who have not forfeited their self-respect, as was evidently expected of them, neither have they meekly toadied to a system of examinations which refused to recognize the profession here in any other capacity than that of agents, and which utterly failed in some respects to represent modern progress in the art. I am pleased to note in this last respect that the Board has recently—doubtless because of the ridicule to which the idea was subjected—amended its teachers' examination for the "C.T.A.B. of the R.A.M. and R.C.M." degree, and that the clause in its syllabus excluding candidates from giving attention to "faults of style and lack of expression" has been eliminated.

The musical editor of the *Mail and Empire*, in recent comments on the Associated Board's campaign in Canada, deprecates the abusive tone of the adherents of the Board towards Canadian musicians. He says: "I have received one or two letters by no means fitted for publication in a column devoted to the diffusion of sweetness and light. . . . How far the number of pupils examined at Toronto and elsewhere may be taken to indicate the feeling of public opinion here, the Board will decide for itself."

Scalped a Ticket.

THE branch of industry known as "ticket scalping" is not unknown in France, as will be seen from the following misadventure which befell a too-confiding Englishman a day or two ago. The Englishman in question arrived at the St. Lazare Station, Paris, just as the ticket office closed. "By Jove," he said, "and I must get to Rouen to-day!"

A gentleman approached and addressed him: "Pardon me, sir, but I have a ticket for Rouen which I cannot use. I shall be delighted to let you have it for what it cost me."

"Much obliged," and the Englishman hurriedly made his way to the gate, being only just in time to catch the train. At

INCORPORATED TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN

1889

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

COLLEGE STREET.

DR. EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director

Affiliated with Toronto and Trinity Universities

SPECIAL SUMMER SESSION

July 3 to 29, 1899

LECTURES AND PRACTICAL CLASS WORK

Designed for Music Teachers and Students

Private lessons also given daily.

Conservatory Calendar, Syllabus and Summer School Prospectus sent free.

Local Examinations will be held at various "centers" during June and July, 1899.

EDWARD FISHER

Musical Director Toronto Conservatory of Music

SPECIALIST IN TRAINING

PIANO STUDENTS FOR THE PROFESSION

R. WATKIN MILLS

England's Greatest Bass

In Canada Nov., 1899, to Feb., 1900.

For available dates and terms write at once to W. SPENCER JONES, Manager, Brockville.

MR. RECHAB TANDY

Tenor. Lessons in Voice Culture and Artistic Singing. Best Method. Highest Results. Recitals and Concert engagements accepted. Entire concert or partial programmes supplied. Address—

The Toronto Conservatory of Music, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

J. D. A. TRIPP

Piano Virtuoso and Teacher

Pupil of Moszkowski, Stepanoff and Leschetizky.

Studio—2 College Street. Tel. 1464.

Also at Rolleston House and St. Margaret's College.

VOICE PRODUCTION, SINGING AND PIANO LESSONS

MISS C. A. WILLIAMS

Schools attended.

Residence—Hoskin House, Studio—Messrs. Nordheimer's Building, 15 King Street East.

the first stopping-place the guard appeared to verify the tickets. The Englishman handed him his billet.

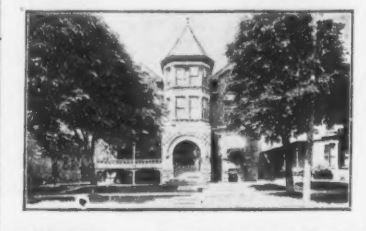
The guard examined it, and said, "Now your own, if you please."

"My own! Why, you have it."

"Have you any idea of traveling with this ticket?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"It is a dog ticket."



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Special Summer Session opens July 3rd. Faculty Ag-

ramente, Voice Specialist of New York, will instruct during June and July.

College Examinations commence June 19th. These exams lead up to the University of Toronto exams, and are open to all.

For particulars address—

F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director

12 and 14 Pembroke St., Toronto

Oratory DAVID G. S. CONNERY, M.A.

Belfast, Ireland

late professor of Elocution and Sacred Oratory Queen's University, Belfast, Ireland.

Reading, Pulpit Forensic and Historic Oratory. Recital engagements accepted.

Toronto College of Music.

FRANK S. WELSMAN

PIANO VIRTUOSO

Pupil of Prof. Martin Krause, Gustav Schreck and Richard Hofmann.

Teacher of Piano, Theory and Composition

Toronto College of Music or 236 Sherbourne St., also at Miss Veale's School, St. Margaret's College and Haverhill Hall.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Established 1884

Persons spending the summer in the city can have lessons and practice at the college.

The Principal of this college is a German, educated in his native country, and has an experience of over thirty years as a teacher. During this time he has kept well abreast of the times and has introduced into his methods all the newest and best devices of modern musical thought.

Tel. 372. C. FARRINGER.

Mr. E. W. Schuch

Will teach on

Tuesdays and Fridays

during the summer months.

2 Elgin Avenue

Cor Avenue Road.

WILLIAM REED

Organist and Director St. Andrew's Church, King Street.

Concert Organist

Recitals and Organ Openings

Piano, Organ and Theory

For terms, etc., address—

140 St. Patrick Street.

MR. W. O. FORSYTH

Director Metropolitan School of Music

PRIVATE PIANO INSTRUCTION

Harmony, Composition, etc. Training students for the profession and finished solo piano playing a specialty. Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E., Toronto. Residence telephone 1212.

Fletcher Music Method

CLASSES FOR CHILDREN

AT

Room 17, 2 College Street

Miss Via Macmillan

MRS. P. J. BURKE

Pupil of Randegger, Lamperli and La Grange

Is prepared to receive pupils for the STUDY OF THE VOICE—English, German, Italian and French repertoire. Coaching a specialty.

Room 3, Bedford-Hill Building

Yonge and College Sts.

ARTHUR VAN DER LINDE

Of New York.

Voice Culture and Interpretation

SUMMER SEASON

NORDHEIMER'S, Toronto.

Miss Margaret Huston

CONCERT SOPRANO

Voice culture. Special attention to tone production and style. Spring term ends June 30th. Studios, Confederation Life Building and St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

GEORGE F. SMEDLEY

Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Soloist

Will receive pupils and concert engagements. Instructor of Variety Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs. Teacher Toronto College of Music, Bishop Strachan School, Presbyterian Ladies' College.

Studio: Daytime, at Nordheimer's; Evening, at 98 Nassau Street. Telephone 1965

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART

... SOPRANO ...

Voice Culture and Piano

Address St. Margaret's College, or Studio U, Yonge Street Arcade.

J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Miss Veale's School, 13 Dunbar Road. Rosedale.

MRS. NORMA REYNOLDS REBURN

SINGING

Specialist in training vocal students for the profession. Appointments made.

Address Toronto Conservatory of Music or 4 Pembroke Street.

JOHN M. SHERLOCK

MASTER OF SINGING

SOLO TENOR

STUDIO—ROOM 5, NORDHEIMER'S, TORONTO, ONT.

MRS. DRECHSLER-ADAMSON

... VIOLINIST ...

Teacher at the Conservatory of Music, Conductor of Conservatory String Orchestra.

Residence—573 Church Street

NEW SONGS OF THE University of Toronto

This is unquestionably the finest collection of College Songs ever offered in one volume, printed from engraved plates by the Lithographic process on heavy specially made paper, with a most handsome colored cover that is in itself a work of art. The work contains in all 160 large octavo pages.

Price, Paper Cover, 75c; Cloth Gilt, \$1.00

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.

158 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

MR. A. S. VOGT

Teacher in Advanced Piano Playing

Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music or 331 Bloor Street West.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY

Directress and Leader of Berkeley St. Methodist Church Choir.

Vocal Teacher of Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, and Toronto Conservatory of Music, 130 Seaton Street, Toronto.

MR. HARRY M. FIELD

Of Leipzig, Germany

PIANO VIRTUOSO

Is prepared to receive Canadian and American pupils. 25 Grassi Strasse, or Prof. Martin Krause, 26 Brandvorwerk Strasse.

W. J. McNALLY

Teacher of Piano and Organ

Organist and Choirmaster Central Presbyterian Church, Studio—32 Sussex Ave. e.

MISS H. M. MARTIN, Mus. Bac.

SINGING, PIANO—Krause method.

Teacher Haverhill College and College of Music, Address 530 Church Street, or Toronto College of Music.

MRS. FRED W. LEE

Teacher of Pianoforte

Krause method as taught by Mr. H. M. Field, 581 Spadina Ave., or Toronto College of Music.

MRS. ANNIE E. JURY

SOPRANO

Voice production and artistic piano playing.

Studio—68 Alexander Street.

W. Y. ARCHIBALD—TENOR

Teacher of Singing

Studio—Nordheimer's, Church and Concert engagements accepted.

LOYD N. WATKINS

IN THE PRESS Society ...Types

BY "KO-KO"
12 mo. Cloth, 75 cents.
Reprinted from SATURDAY NIGHT.

Twelve brilliant sketches of the people we meet in society, including the Patroness, the Beauty, the Gossip, the Widow, the Guest, the Old Maid, the Gen. Lewman, the Self-made Man, the Bachelor, the Young Man, the Young Girl and the Clubman.

George N. Morang & Co'y
LIMITED
90 Wellington St. West, Toronto

\$100



We furnish for this sum five dozen Sterling Silver Forks and Spoons of substantial weight and highest finish. Elegant patterns—as beautiful as any made—cased in highly-finished oak chests, satin-lined, brass-mounted.

\$100

Ambrose Kent & Sons
JEWELERS
156 YONGE STREET - TORONTO



Ladies' Abdominal Supporters
We manufacture and make all styles of Ladies' Belts, Supporters, &c. Stockings, &c. made to order.
The S. B. Chandler, Son & Co., Limited
Confederation Life Building
Cor. Victoria and Richmond Sts.

BREAD WITHOUT FLOUR

THE WORLD'S BEST TOAST
If the Wheat-Shreds of all the rolls in a single machine of the Shredded Wheat Company's factory for one day's run were joined together end to end the



length would be 46,363 miles, a thread that would reach almost twice around the globe, and the wonder is who eats these millions upon millions of Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuits.

THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES HAVE NO OTHER BREAD IN THE HOUSE
They not only use the Biscuit as a breakfast cereal and as a basis in the preparation of innumerable other dishes, but with a sharp pointed knife split them



lengthwise into halves, toast to a light brown, being careful not to burn, and serve cold in place of sliced loaf bread, and there's no better bread in the world.

Furthermore, when it is considered that people who eat this rational diet require no pills or patent medicine purifiers, and are well, vigorous and healthy, the great demand is understood.

Freehold Loan and Savings Company

DIVIDEND NO. 82.
Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the six months ending the 30th June, 1899, payable on and after the 30th July, 1899, at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.
The transfer books will be closed from the 10th to the 30th June, inclusive.
By order of the board,
S. C. WOOD,
Managing Director.
Toronto, June 15th, 1899.

Social and Personal.

Short and busy is the sojourn of the city corps at Niagara camp. Major Pellatt and his handsome lady went over on their steam yacht last Saturday, and gave an excursion to a jolly little coterie by the yacht and electric road to Chippewa, which was immensely enjoyed, one day this week. The Thursday and yesterday doings were most interesting, and last night's tattoo the greatest thing ever happened. Lots of nice people are having a jolly visit at the Queen's Royal, where dances, excursions, music and long quiet hours to enjoy the delightful lake breezes and the pleasant shady grounds of this ideal hotel are the rule of the days and evenings.

Senator and Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Ames, their daughter, are at Rye Beach. Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones are at Banff. Mr. and Mrs. Clinch are at the Queen's, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Last Saturday the usual dinner parties filled the Hunt Club *salle-a-manger*, nearly half a hundred guests spending the moonlight hours in the sylvan spot. In fact, one often marvels what society did without its country rendezvous before Mr. Darling evolved the charming Hunt Club-house or the Golf Clubs made them like retreats far afield. Sane and wholesome pleasures are the jaunt out, the merry meal, the after-stroll and smoke, and the quiet return home sometimes.

Mr. K. H. Blogg, who left Toronto twenty years ago and took up his abode in Melbourne, Australia, has returned on a visit to his native city, and is spending the summer with his relatives and renewing many old acquaintances. Mr. Blogg does not recognize in our present beautiful city the town he left twenty years ago.

Miss Jessie Alexander concluded her season of concert work last week, and has gone to Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks for her summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Brodeur, a bridal couple from Buffalo, spent a flying visit at Thornhurst, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann, this week. The visitors arrived on Wednesday evening.

Seven grass-widowers frisked and gambolled at a recent garden tea. Whether their unhappy state drove them into society from sheer loneliness, or whether (awful thought) they came because they enjoy such functions better unchaperoned, or, most likely hypothesis, because the utterly charming hostess was a magnet with extraordinary attractions, I leave you to guess. They were a jolly seven, at all events.

On Wednesday, June 21, at five o'clock p.m., Miss Clara L. Hastings, daughter of Mr. James Hastings of St. Catharines, and Mr. G. Frederick Rogers of Toronto were married by Rev. F. S. Cassidy. The bride wore her traveling-dress of brown Cheviot, tailor-made, and hat to match. Her bridesmaid and cousin, Miss Etta Frazer of Harrisburg, wore white organdie and carried a carnation bouquet. The guests were only the relatives of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers went to the States for their honeymoon, after which they return to Toronto to reside.

Miss D. Fralick of Bellevue avenue is back in town after spending the past two months in Orillia with her family.

Mrs. H. Blandford of Buffalo, N.Y., has been the guest of Miss Herdman of Bellevue avenue during the past week.

Mrs. McVicar of Sarnia, who has been visiting Mrs. Lister, 141 St. George street, returned home on Thursday.

Miss Klein, Mrs. Edward Farrer's clever niece, has taken four first and several other prizes at the Back River Convent, where she is being educated.

A marriage is arranged between Mr. J. George Denison, son of the late Colonel R. L. Denison of Dover Court, and Mrs. Walker, nee Champion, a most charming and esteemed lady.

H. N. SHAW, B.A.

Teacher of Elocution, Oratory, Dramatic Art and Voice Culture
will receive pupils during the summer.
Address—College of Music, or 529 Yonge St.

LAKE ONTARIO NAVIGATION COM'Y

NEW FAST STEAMER

"ARGYLE"
1000 ISLAND LINE
Every Monday and Wednesday at 10:30 p.m., and Saturdays at 11 a.m., from City Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, for

ROCHESTER OSWEGO
SODUS POINT KINGSTON
and all 1000 ISLAND POINTS

ACCOMMODATION UNSURPASSED

Through tickets to all points. For tickets, folders and information apply to all C. P. R. Railroad Ticket Offices and to
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Toronto.
A. F. WEBSTER, "
R. M. MELVILLE, "
S. J. SHARP, "

...DENTISTRY...

All the latest appliances and most approved methods used in operating.

Dr. W. Frank Glasgow
S. E. cor. Spadina & College
Telephone 3140

ECLIPSE SOAP
LAUNDRY SOAP.
JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
MORSE SOAP WORKS.
TORONTO.
SEND FOR LIST OF PREMIUMS.

The MASSEY-HARRIS wheel

is very popular with all lovers of sport



CITY SALESROOMS: S. E. Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets
1388 Queen Street West

Every Lady in the Land



Every Young Woman
Every Little Girl

SHOULD NOT TARRY,
but send their name immediately and
become a subscriber for the year
"1899" to

**CORTICELLI
HOME NEEDLEWORK
MAGAZINE**

OUR APRIL ISSUE is now ready for distribution, and contains a number of Colored Plates, also an article on "College Crochet and Colors," dealing first with McCHILLI Crochet, to be followed by TORONTO UNIVERSITY. This number is also composed of instructive and interesting reading matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 25 cents PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 10 cents.

CORTICELLI SILK COMPANY

Limited
60 I-2 RICHELIEU STREET, ST. JOHNS, P.O.

Is Your Cook an Imperialist?



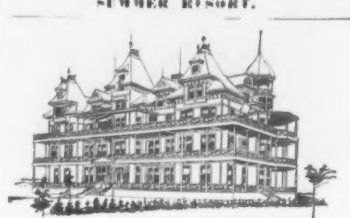
OUR NEW
**Imperial
Oxford Range**

Converts every cook and housekeeper who sees it to the Imperial Idea, because it is so far ahead of any other range made, in convenience and ease of operation.
Try this "Imperial Idea" in your kitchen—you'll be surprised at the saving in fuel it will effect—and you'll never hear another grumble about the oven or the fire.

See them at the Oxford Stove Store, 389 Queen West, or at any of our agents—their improved features will interest you.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, Toronto

VISITING CARDS
DONALD BAIN & CO.
STATIONERS
35 Jordan Street - Toronto



Hotel Hanlan

TORONTO ISLAND
Open June 15. M. A. THOMAS, Proprietor.
Complete Lake Frontage—conceded to be the finest location on Lake Ontario.
For rates, etc., apply
F. M. THOMAS, Manager.

Hotel Chautauqua and Lakeside NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

The hotel is now open for the reception of guests.
Bus to and from all trains and boats.
J. TASKER,
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

QUEEN'S ROYAL

Hotel and Cottages
Niagara-on-the-Lake
The Newport of Canada
Opens for the Season June 8th
Brigade Camp and Military Manoeuvres June 9 to July 1.
For rates and particulars write McGAFF & WINNETT, Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Grimsby Park

Canada's Greatest Summer Resort
Programme for next week as follows:
Sunday, July 2nd—Sermon, 11 a.m., Rev. Wray H. Smith. Sermon, 3:30 p.m., Rev. Morgan Wood.
America's Day, Tuesday, July 4th—2:30 p.m., Address, Rev. Morgan Wood, "America in the Twentieth Century."
Thursday, July 6th—8 p.m., Instrumental and Vocal Concert, by Mandolin and Guitar Club of Hamilton.
Saturday, July 8th—8 p.m., Elocutionary Entertainment by Thomas Carter, assisted by pupils of School of Elocution.
Boat leaves Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, at 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.
For further particulars and Illustrated Programme, address—
H. B. ANDREWS, Manager,
P. O. Box 524, Toronto,
or GRIMSBY PARK, Ont.

MEAFORD—Beautifully situated on Georgian Bay—PAUL'S HOTEL, comfortable and homelike. Address, Paul's Hotel, Meaford.

Where to go on your vacation

The summer climate of Southern California is delightful. Go there and see the wonders of the great west en route. Low round-trip rates will be made late in June and early in July by the Santa Fe Route, with liberal privileges, choice of return routes and long limit.
Send for full particulars.

Address J. N. BASTEDO
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry.
63 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

High Art Silverware

Specially suitable for
Wedding Gifts

at prices which cannot be equalled.

SGHEUER'S
JEWELLERS
180 YONGE ST.

THE PROVINCIAL TRUST COMPANY

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION ACCEPTED AND EXECUTED, ACTS AS ADMINISTRATOR, EXECUTOR, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE AND LIQUIDATOR.

LOANS

MONEY IN ANY AMOUNT UPON REAL ESTATE OR APPROVED COLLATERALS AT LOWEST MARKET RATES.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT
President
S. F. McINNIS, Vice-
JAMES SCOTT, President
A. W. McDONALD, Manager

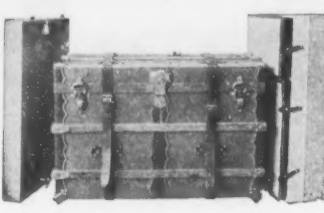
TRUST & SAFETY DEPOSIT DEPARTMENTS



Ladies' Dress Trunks
In 32 to 42 inch lengths, with Dress Trays.

Ladies' Hat Boxes
With five Hat Shapes.
No possible chance of hats being damaged.

SEND FOR OUR
New Illustrated Catalogue
... OF ...
Fine Traveling and Leather Goods



For This Season
THE
SUIT CASE
Is the most popular Traveling Case for both
Ladies and Gentlemen

Club Bags
In New Designs.
Kit Bags
In All Qualities.
Steamer Trunks
Steamer Rugs
Carryalls

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 KING STREET WEST

Pictures

Pictures often appeal more strongly to you than words—will you let us send you our illustrated Catalogue? It shows you plainly the many different styles of the Safford Patent Radiators—how they fit curves, circles, angles and how handsome they are. There is much useful information in it telling all about how safe

Hot Water and Steam Heating
can be with the only Radiator that will not leak, burst or wear out. The Catalogue may save you a thousand times the cost of the post card you send—send to-day, "a stitch in time saves nine." Send for the "Pictures" of...

The DOMINION RADIATOR CO., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Agencies at Montreal, Quebec, Winnipeg, Vancouver, London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Belfast, Antwerp, Berlin, Christiania, Auckland, N. Z.

The Safford Radiators

Hercules Wire Beds

are the best in the world. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. The patent wires is the secret. Ask for No. 9 and No. 1 Hercules.

The Gold Medal Furniture Mfg. Co., Limited
Toronto and Montreal

OUR ICE

is as clear as crystal and free of specks, weeds or snow. Medical Health Officer certifies our source of supply to be absolutely pure.
15 lbs. costs only 6 cents per day.
50 lbs. 10 cents per day.
Our excellent service and perfect ice will please you.

BELLE EWART ICE CO.
Dealers exclusively in Lake Simcoe Ice.
Telephone 1947-2953
18 Melinda St.
Look for the Yellow Wagons.

Social and Personal.

Lynne Lodge, that beautiful suburban residence, was *en fete* on Saturday afternoon last, when Mr. and Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh were at home to about one hundred and fifty of their friends. The courteous young host and his charming wife were congratulated by everyone on their lovely home. It is perhaps one of the most artistic of Toronto's many fine places. The spacious drawing-room, all its woodwork done in solid mahogany; the fine hall, finished in dull green oak, the graceful staircase and the oak-raftered dining-room, the handsome billiard-room and cosy corners everywhere, were each and all admired. Mr. and Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh had been so thoughtful in providing amusements for their guests that no one could have spent a dull moment—tennis, archery, croquet, boating and, after supper, served by McConkey, dancing for the young people to the entrancing strains of Gilmour's orchestra. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Mowat, Miss Vickers, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick of Lanmar, Dr. and Mrs. Boulton, Miss Gilmore, Mrs. McDonnell, Miss Leila McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harris, the Misses Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Dr. and Mrs. Beemer, Dr. and Mrs. Barber, Miss O'Reilly of Buffalo, Mrs. Buck, Mr. Edgar Jarvis, Mrs. Beaumont Jarvis, Mrs. Lukes, Miss Lukes, Miss Brodie, Mrs. G. Seymour Lyon, Mrs. Moorhouse, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Bongard, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Miss Pyne, Miss Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Galbraith, Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn McRae, Miss Fetherstonhaugh, Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, Canon Tremayne, Miss Tremayne, the Misses Muirhead, Mrs. Dunstan, Miss Dunstan, Mrs. Palin, Mr. Philip Palin, Miss Muriel Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Cavill, Miss Louie Chadwick, Mrs. Oliphant, the Misses Michie, Mr. and Mrs. G. Thompson, Miss Pyke, Miss Amy McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Godin, Mr. and Miss Meldrum, Miss Barwick, Miss McCollum, Miss Eva Harris, Mr. Alley, Mr. T. H. McMillan, Mr. Ridout, Mr. Lane, Mr. C. Harris, Mr. Ned Fetherston, and many others.

Miss Edith Jarvis is visiting Mrs. Brydges (nee Jarvis), near Lakewood, N.J.

The wedding took place at half-past two

on Wednesday afternoon at 92 Bedford road, the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, of Dr. Wallace A. Scott of Court-right, eldest son of Mr. William Scott, principal of the Normal School, and Miss Evelyn Ross Ronan, daughter of the late H. B. Ronan of Ottawa. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. E. Lancelley of Parliament street Methodist church. Miss Ella Ronan and Misses Ethel and Mabel Doherty, two nieces of the bride, were bridesmaids and maid of honor respectively, while Master Jack Scott acted as page. Dr. Fred Scott, a brother of the groom, was the best man. The guests present were: Principal and Mrs. Scott, Dr. Fred Scott, Miss Una Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Hughes, Miss Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dunnet, Mr. Robt. Crean, Mr. W. Doherty, sr., Col. and Mrs. Sam Hughes of Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. W. J. Ronan of Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Rockliffe Ronan of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Gregg Neelin of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Anson Ronan, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Gorrie, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Shutt, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Doherty, Miss Annie Hallworth, the Misses Sullivan, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Piddington, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Massie, Mr. and Mrs. Fulton of Galt, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McElroy, Miss Dunkerley, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Armstrong, Mrs. H. B. Ronan of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. McAlpine of Lindsay, Mr. A. J. Doherty, Miss Bewley of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes of Blackstock.

Mr. R. F. Segsworth left on June 17 for a short business and pleasure trip through British Columbia and the Western States, and will return about July 15.

Much interest is being taken in the project of a home for incurable children, for whom at present no place is provided. Friday evening, June 30, was selected as the date of a very good concert in aid of the projected home. Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. John Cameron, elocutionist, Mr. Carnahan and Miss Winifred Sherman, vocalists; Miss Shippe, Miss Bryan and Miss Keys, pianists, with Misses Ruth and Mary Mackid in fascinating dances, were the generous responders to the committee. Mrs. Mackid and Mrs. Hockin of Parkdale, the concert having been arranged to take place in the Masonic hall, corner of Queen street and Dowling avenue.

Mr. H. N. Shaw and Miss Berryman, who have been so long connected with the Conservatory School of Elocution, will next year have charge of the School of Elocution, Dramatic Art and Physical Culture in the College of Music. Miss Berryman has gone to Boston for the holidays, but Mr. Shaw will receive pupils during the summer.

What's Correct for Outdoor Sports.

The "plates" show perhaps the most artistic and attractive styles ever shown in costumes for both men and women, specially designed for golfing and cycling. Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, speaks here particularly to men. He is showing some decided novelties, some things so far different from the ordinary run of styles that one will be spared the monotony of them and will yet be distinctly in correct style. While the designs in styles are too varied to enumerate here, you can always be sure that Mr. T. can show you something extra fine in quality, ultra-stylish and perhaps bordering on the unique. You had better call and consult him on sporting garments generally.

The Bicycle in War Surgery.

A DESPATCH to a New York paper from Ottawa states that a physician in Belleville, Ont., has received a letter from a relative in England who was in the Soudan campaign. The writer gives the following narration of how surgeons in the Soudan developed an electric current: "After the battle of Omdurman we brought back to Abadieli one hundred and twenty-one wounded officers and men. Of this number there were twenty-one cases which could not be diagnosed accurately by ordinary surgical means. By the help of the Roentgen rays, which were used about sixty times, we found the bullet or proved its absence in twenty out of these twenty-one cases, the odd case being so ill with a severe bullet wound in the lung that it was not considered justifiable to examine him at the time. Of course we had no steam engine to generate our electricity for us, and the desert heat had dissolved our specially prepared candles into their oily constituents.

"Necessity, you know, is the mother of invention, and we had recourse to a unique method. The pulley of a small dynamo was connected by means of a leather strap with the rear wheel of a specially constructed tandem bicycle. The required velocity for the dynamo was thus obtained, and our procedure was as follows: Having carefully adjusted the circuit with the storage battery, and also with the voltmeter and ammeter, a warrant officer took his position on the seat of the bicycle and commenced pedalling. When fifteen volts and fourteen amperes were registered the switch close to the handle of the bicycle was opened and the charging of the battery begun.

"As the resistance became greater a sensation as if riding uphill was experienced, and the services of an additional orderly were requisitioned for the front seat of the tandem. This bicycle practice was generally carried out in a shade temperature of 110° F., so that at the end of half an hour the orderlies were not sorry when the switch was turned off and the machine brought to a standstill."

Estranged.

Last night in dream down unfamiliar ways,
(I must have trod them once),
I talked of him unto myself, in praise,
But gathered no response.
His silence brought a memory to my blood—
"Once you were very ill,
And once as now in inattentive mood
You silent were and still.
"One praised you then, but you were unconcerned;
Was it a little thing,
Her love for you?" As at a pang he turned
With mute eyes questioning.
Then as our eyes met, lo, a cold fog slid
Between us, I heard fall
The rumbling earth upon his coffin lid
And woke remembering all.
Toronto, June 30, COLLIS CLOUTENLEY.

It Had to Be.

"Choose between us!"
Winkleton folded up his evening newspaper and savagely threw it on the floor.
"Yes, madame," he continued, "I tell you right now that you can't have both of us. The last time that dressmaker was in the house for a week I vowed that I never would stand it again, and I won't. As for being under the same roof with two half-crazy and absorbed women, and requiring a rake every morning to get the odd pieces of cloth out of my clothes—to hear the rattle and whirl of that confounded sewing-machine, and to sit at my meals and listen to a lot of cut bias and *gros grain*, ruffled, and flounced, and pleated talk, I've had all I'm ever going to have. If I'm to be turned out of my own house, all

ROYAL AND DRY-ROYAL CHAMPAGNES

WHETHER FOR HEALTH OR MERRIMENT ARE WITHOUT EQUAL.

Sold in Handy Little Baskets of 1 Doz. Half-pints

Sold by **MICHIE & CO., E. MARA** and others

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Dominion Agents

Somatose
A TASTELESS ODORLESS NUTRIENT MEAT POWDER

It contains all the albuminoid principles of the meat in an easily soluble form. It has been extensively employed and found to be of the greatest service in Consumption and diseases of the stomach. It is of great value in convalescence from all diseases.

DOMINION DYEWOOD & CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.
Sole Agency and depot in Canada for all BAYER'S Pharmaceutical Products (Wholesale only)

STAUNCH FAST
and Built to Last is the
GENDRON

The most satisfactory wheel for all purposes. We refer you to any of our patrons for proof of this.

The GENDRON MFG. CO., Limited, Toronto

CITY AGENTS:
The RICHARD SIMPSON CO., Limited
242 Yonge Street
228 Queen St. East
472 Queen St. West

right; but you can't have both of us. I leave the day she comes. You'll have to make your decision quick. Come, madame, which shall it be, the dressmaker or me?"

Mrs. Winkleton looked at her husband with a hopeless, half-despairing look, in which were discernible some traces of indignation and a sense of injustice.

"If you must go, dear, why, I have nothing more to say."

—Tom Masson in *Life*.

Freddie—Say, dad, why are there no marriages in heaven? Henpecker—Because it's heaven.—*Town Topics*.

Film—What's your business? Flam—Contractor. Film—What line? Flam—Debts.—*Town Topics*.

Saturday Night Building.

The following publication offices are located in the SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING:
TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.
The Evening Star.
The Weekly Sun.
The Sentinel.
Money and Risks.
Canadian Cigar and Tobacco Journal.
The Liquor Journal.
The Canadian Wheelman.
Montreal Gazette.
The Christian Messenger.
The Howell Book Company.
One small office and a suite of rooms suitable for a publishing concern are yet vacant. Apply to the secretary of the Sheppard Publishing Company.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.
MUMFORD—June 17, Mrs. W. R. V. Mumford—a son.
WILLIAMS—June 20, Mrs. R. S. Williams—a daughter.
SUCKLING—June 28, Mrs. I. E. Suckling—a daughter.
HAUN—June 27, Mrs. A. W. Haun—a son.
ASHCROFT—June 24, Mrs. Richard Ashcroft—a daughter.
HILL—June 19, Mrs. H. J. Hill—a son.
DRAPER—June 21, Mrs. Alexander Draper—a son.
ROWE—June 22, Mrs. E. S. Rowe—a son.
LOYD—June 17, Mrs. R. J. Lloyd—a son.
BOULTER—June 21, Mrs. George E. Boulter—a son.
TROWELL—June 22, Mrs. (Captain) John V. Trowell—a daughter.

Marriages.

FORD—SAMPSON—June 28, Frank Ford to Nora Elizabeth Sampson.
SIMPSON—HOLT—At St. James' Church, Parkhill, on June 21, by the rector, Rev. C. R. Gunne, M.A., William Joseph Simpson to Emma Elizabeth Holt.
STINSON—BEGGS—June 21, Joseph Stinson to Maria Beggs.
NEEDLER—CHRISTOLM—June 21, Berlin D. H. Needler of Toronto to Mary Winifred Chisholm.
HYMMEN—BRANNAN—June 21, Otis Henry Hymmen to Emma Brannan of Lucknow, Ont.
JURY—EWING—June 21, Alfred F. Jury to Elizabeth Ewing.
PRICE—SMITH—June 28, Joseph Price of South Africa to Jennie Smith.
ECKARDT—PHILP—June 28, Albert J. H. Eckardt to Rose Alberta Maud Philp.
WALLACE—MARSHALL—June 27, Los Angeles, Cal., W. J. Wallace to Harriet C. Marshall.
SAMPSON—BECKETT—June 28, Herbert Sampson of Owen Sound to Fannie Beulah Beckett.

Deaths.

BONNICK—June 25, Joseph Bonnick, aged 55.
MCMAHON—June 28, James McMahon, aged 72.
FARRELL—June 28, John Farrell.
HUNT—June 22, Reuben Hunt, aged 65.
HEAD—Winnipeg, June 21, William Head.
COOPER—June 23, Daniel Cooper, aged 90.
DYAS—Island Park, June 22, Thomas W. Dyas, aged 54.
HAZELWOOD—Nora Hazelwood.
RYAN—June 23, Mrs. James C. Ryan.
STARK—June 21, Charles Stark, aged 70.

J. YOUNG
(ALEX. MILLARD)
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer
359 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 679

Glad to Get It

There is always a pleasure in getting a bundle from our establishment.

The goods are so nicely laundered, so carefully handled, so clean and attractive. Our soft water washing makes them clean with little wear; our perfect ironing makes them smooth and bright, and they keep clean longer in consequence.

The ROLSTON LAUNDRY CO.
PHONE 1381. 168 to 174 King St. West

FOR BUSINESS HEALTH OR PLEASURE TRAVEL VIA C.P.R.

A. H. NOTMAN, A.G.P.A.,
1 King street east, Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO

Minnesota and North Dakota

Going trip to commence on July 13 or 15, 1899. Return trip to be completed, respectively, on or before Sept. 12, Sept. 15, 1899. Return tickets can be purchased from all agents and at all stations of the Grand Trunk Railway system in Ontario and Quebec at

Fare and One-Third
of the Current Second-class One Way Fare
Any further particulars relating to rates, accommodations, etc., at north-west corner of King and Yonge Streets, Phone 134.
J. W. RYDER, C.P. and T.A., Toronto.
M. C. DICKSON, Dist. Pass. Agent.